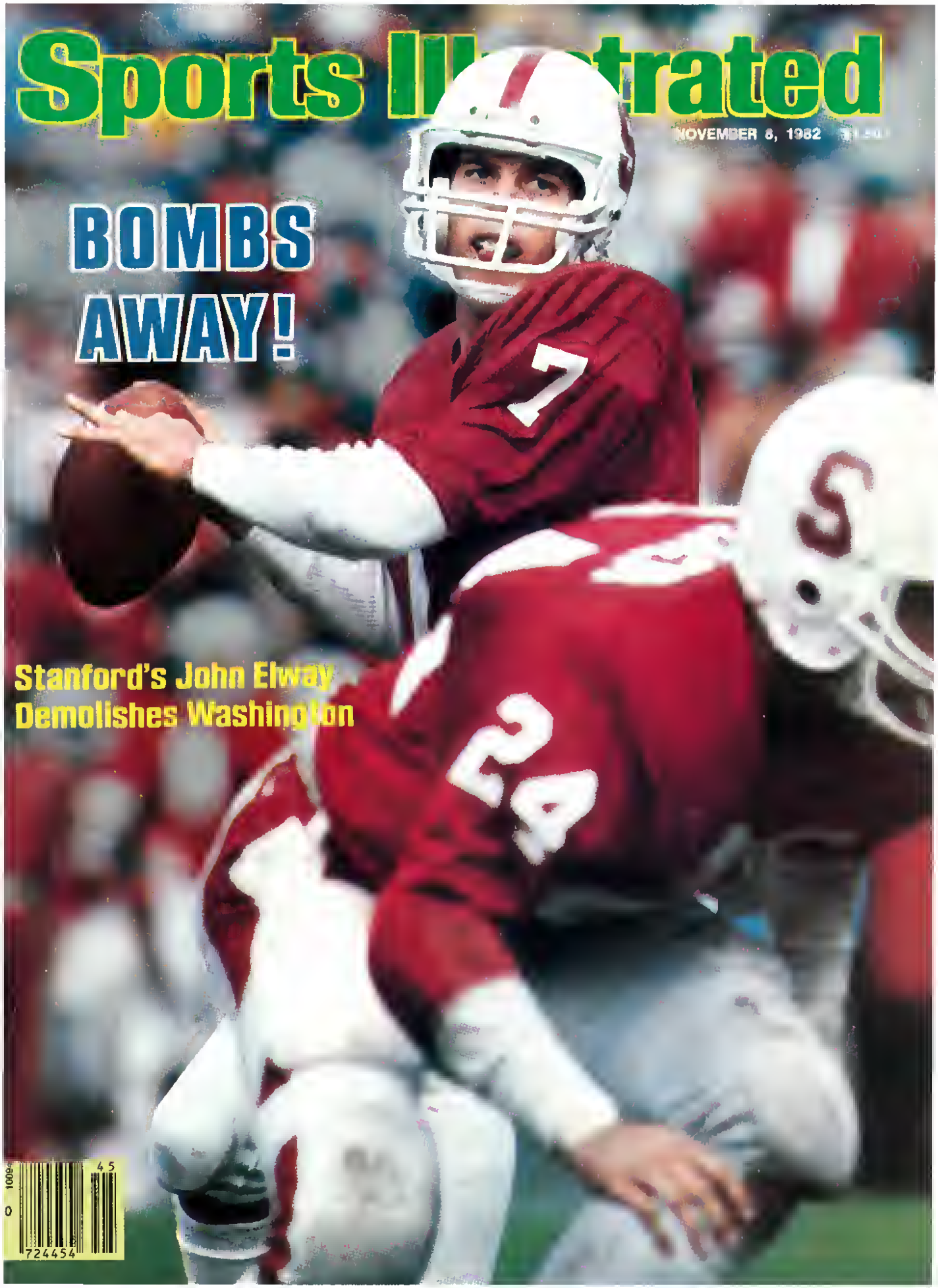

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Sports Illustrated

NOV. 8, 1982 /Volume 57, No. 20 **Cover photograph by Richard Mackson**

CONTENTS

24 It Was a Notable Victory
Stanford didn't fiddle around, upsetting unbeaten Washington on John Elway's arm and some unsung feet **by Ron Fimrite**

28 And This Too Has Come to Pass
The byword in college football strategy is now victory through air power ... even in the once conservative Big Ten **by Craig Neff**

32 Hey, Fully Didn't Fill the Bill
Marvelous Marvin Hagler knocked out Fulgencio Obelmejias and then sparred verbally with Sugar Ray Leonard **by William Nack**

38 Fighting Back As a Weekend Warrior
The San Diego Clippers' Bill Walton is treading ever so lightly as he attempts to return once again to the NBA **by Anthony Cotton**

40 A Man of Heft Who's Also Deft
Nebraska Center Dave Rimington is Outlandishly good, partly because he's willing to accept weighty burdens **by Terry Todd**

48 The Champion of Confusion
WBA junior welterweight titleholder Aaron Pryor has everything in order in the ring, but outside of it, his life's a mess **by Pat Putnam**

82 The Glitter Has Gone
At 12 Lori Kosten was No. 2 in the U.S. in tennis, and her future seemed golden. Then everything fell apart **by Barry McDermott**

DEPARTMENTS

Scorecard ____ 19
College Football ____ 62
TV/Radio ____ 74
College Soccer ____ 76
Hockey ____ 78
For the Record 107
19th Hole ____ 108

Credits on page 107

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TAYLOR AND BENIS: MANY PHOTOS, A FEW PHANTOMS

Over the years we've taken the "Illustrated" part of our name very seriously We print a lot of pictures and we shoot a lot of pictures, a *whole lot* In fact, in our 28 years we've accumulated a picture collection containing no fewer than 6½ million photographs.

Who uses the collection? Well, we do, of course, when an old shot fits a new story. But the collection is drawn upon by other Time Inc and other U S and foreign publications; by book publishers; by makers of posters; by formulators of special projects The largest of these in recent memory was the Smithsonian Institution's "Champions of American Sport" exhibit last year in Washington's National Portrait Gallery, in which one-third of the 150 photographs came from the pages of SI.

High on SI's most-requested list of pictures are a shot of Jack Nicklaus brandishing his putter in victory at the 1980 U.S Open, and the cover pictures of John Stallworth making his spectacular over-the-shoulder, game-winning catch for Pittsburgh in Super Bowl XIV and of the triumphant U S hockey team whooping it up at the Lake Placid Olympics

Head of the collection Michele Benis and Photo Researcher Robert Taylor are assisted by Cataloger Penny Keefe. Benis came to us this year after eight years with the Time Inc. picture collection to help us coordinate those photographs with ours She has an Instamatic shot of a mist-shrouded Mount Fuji that she's proud of, but her artistic inclinations tend to be literary, not graphic Her novel *We'll See* is awaiting a publisher

When Taylor started in 1972 in what was then called the picture library, it occupied a single room—now it takes up four on two floors of the building—and he was the only person working there. In 1966, when he was 18 and intending to become a historian of black America, a friend gave him a 35 mm Voigtlander Bessamatic "I looked through the viewfinder and it changed my life," he says. Taylor began snapping pictures incessantly and in 1969 became a photo clerk at Time Inc. He has taken pictures for *Runner's World* and the *New York Amsterdam News* and has shot dozens of subjects for this, our Letter from the Publisher. Some of his best work has been for the New York Council on Adoptable Children—portraits of kids available for adoption for viewing by prospective parents.

Keefe, a B.A. in art history from Sarah Lawrence, was hired in 1978 to, among other things, cross-reference every picture that goes into SI One that did *not* go into SI but for which we receive many requests is of Goalie Jim Craig, American flag draped over his shoulder, searching the stands for his father after the U S hockey team won the '80 gold medal. "We all saw it on TV," says Taylor, "but it never ran in SI It's an example of the 'phantom' picture, the one that people *think* they saw "

Another phantom is the color shot of Jackie Robinson dancing off third that ran in SI's 25th anniversary issue "People started asking for it right away," says Taylor, "and I had to tell them that it doesn't exist " It's actually the black-and-white shot shown behind Taylor and Benis that an artist colored on the printing plate, thus *creating* a picture that wasn't.

Philip D. Howlett

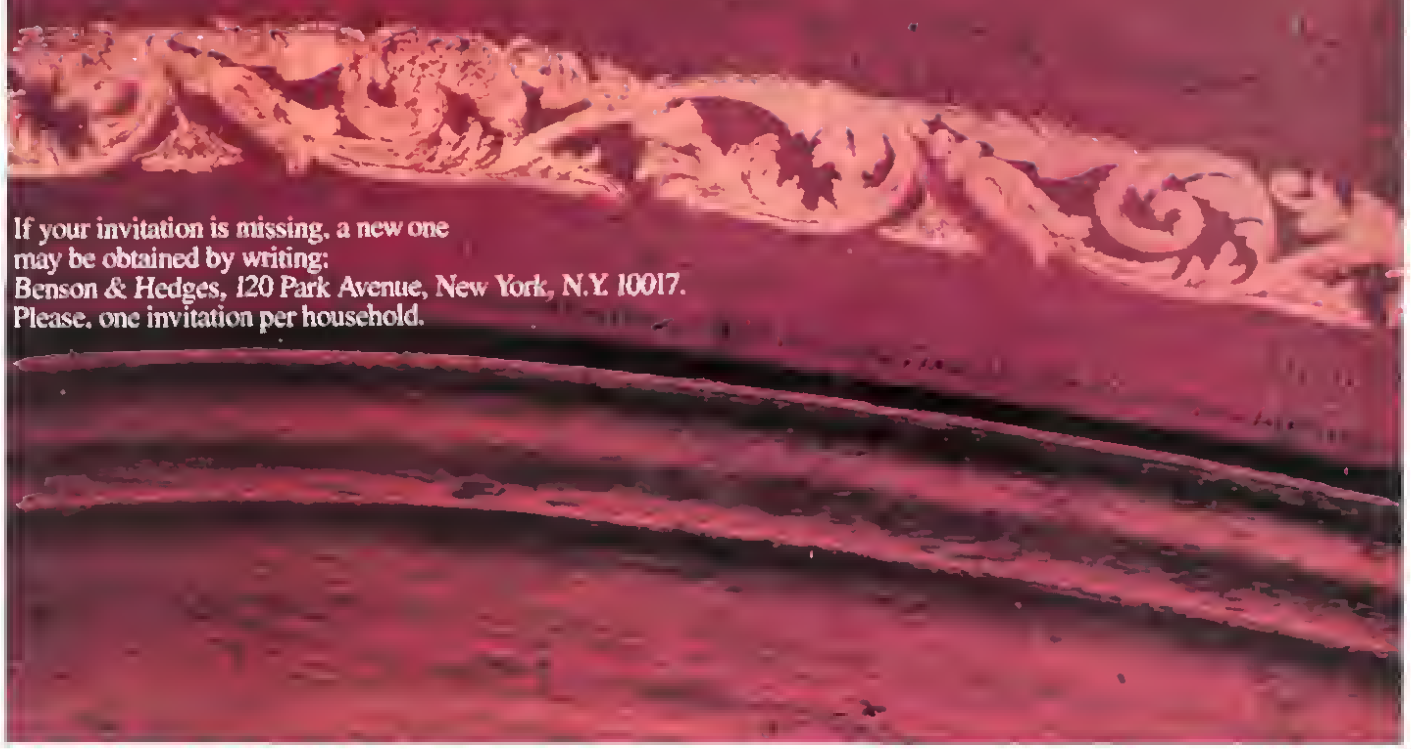

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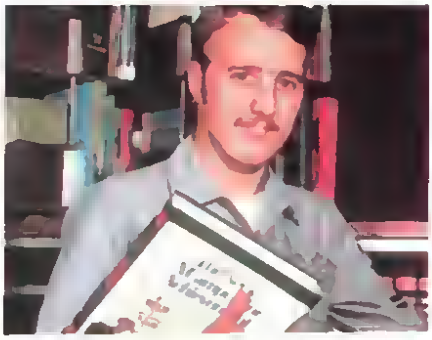








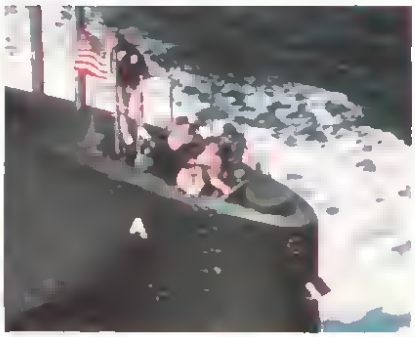
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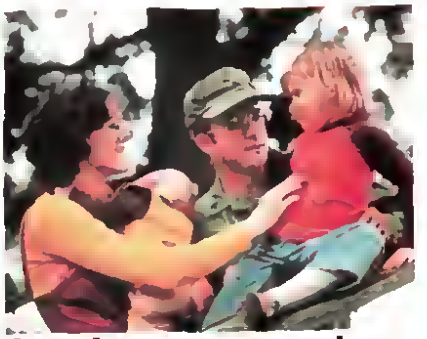














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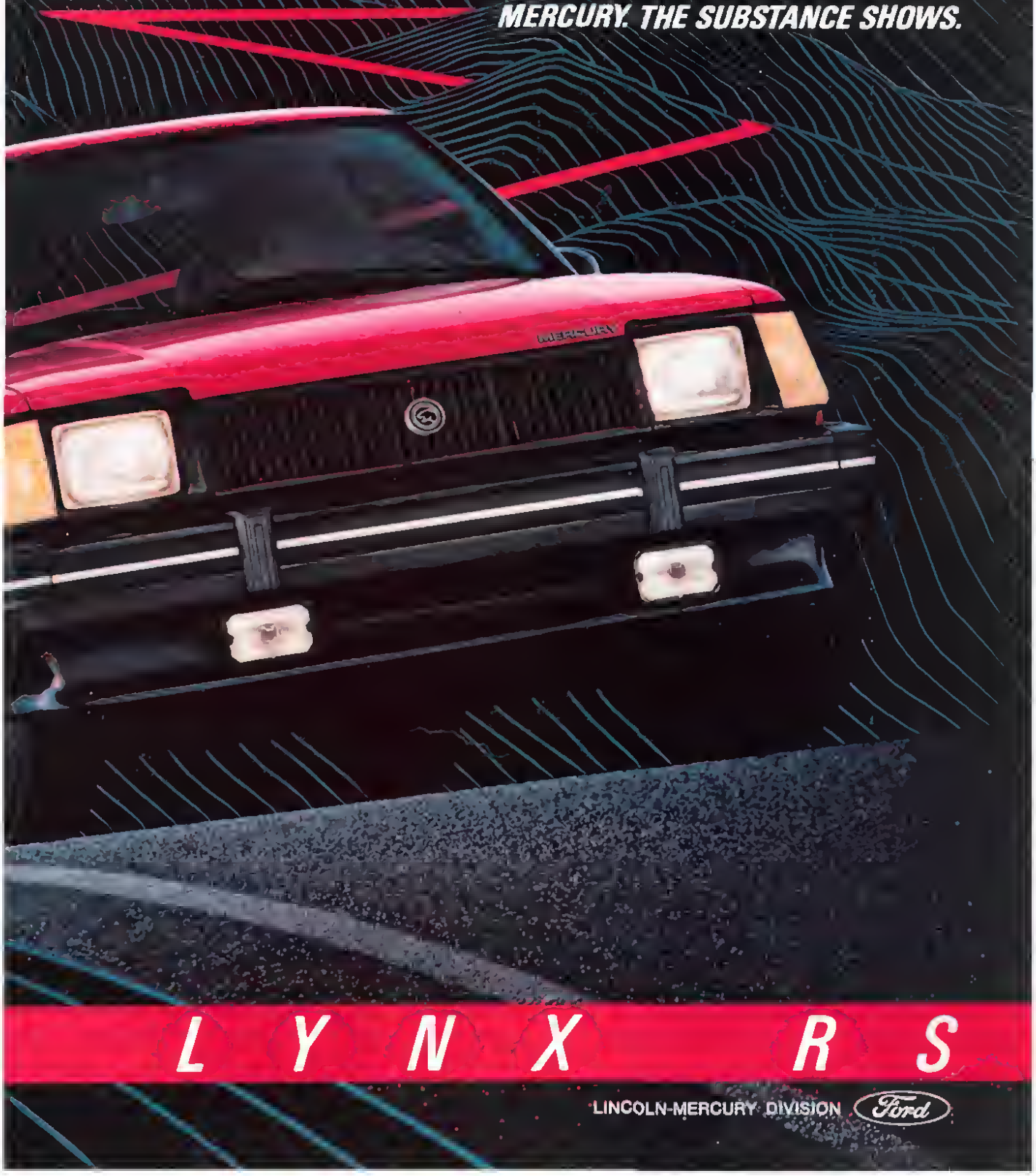
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Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

HERE IS A CONTROVERSY THAT'S FOR THE BIRDS: TO FEED OR NOT TO FEED

Our bird feeder is nailed to the trunk of a tree at eye level, about 10 feet from our kitchen window. At the onset of cold weather we stock it with seeds and also wire a chunk of suet to its roof. Then, for much of the fall, all winter and well into spring, the avian show begins at dawn each day and often continues until dark.

Everyone in our family enjoys the birds immensely, and we have plenty of company in our appreciation. It's now estimated that 38.8% of the adult American population puts out feed for wild birds, making this the most popular wildlife-related hobby in the country.

Those of us who stock feeders do it mostly because we enjoy watching birds use them, but we also like to believe that the extra feed helps birds through the winter. Recently, though, doubts have been raised about how beneficial bird feeding is, and there's even speculation that it might be harmful.

One of the possibly deleterious side effects is that birds may become overdependent on human handouts. The assumption is that birds quickly become reliant on such easily accessible sources of food, and some experts think the birds are endangered when a family leaves home and its feeder goes unstocked for days at a time. Particularly in periods of extreme cold, when natural feed is scarce and when birds require more nourishment than usual, birds suffering from overdependence on feeder food could find themselves at a disastrous disadvantage if suddenly required to obtain natural food supplies.

Frank Gramlich, a retired supervisor for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Maine, believes that birds in certain areas are now sustained largely by food from feeders rather than natural sources. "In towns in central Maine during the winter," he says, "there's no sense in looking for birds anywhere but in the immediate vicinity of feeders. Feeders give birds a false sense of security and interfere with the natural order. It's only logical to conclude that changes in normal behavior patterns can result in a lack of adaptation to natural foods and feeding habits and in possible dietary deficiencies."

Other troubling assertions about feeders have been made. One is that concentrations of birds invite the spread of communicable diseases among them. Another is that feeders cause some species to delay their migration south.

The only detailed study ever done on bird feeding was completed in 1979 by Dr. Aelred Geis, an urban wildlife specialist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Titled *Relative Attractiveness of Different Foods at Wild Bird Feeders* (oil-type sunflower and white proso millet seeds were found to be favorites), the report has become the most popular publication ever produced by the service.

"I don't agree with the prophets of doom regarding bird feeders," Geis says. "The real problem is that there hasn't been enough research on the subject, and it doesn't look like there's going to be, because the money just isn't available. But my own observations prove to me that birds are more resourceful than a lot of people seem to think. Of course they'll take handouts gladly, but I think they can readjust to normal conditions when they have to. And birds in the wild—ducks and doves, for instance—are often found in enormous concentrations, and no one talks about disease as far as they're concerned. Another consideration is the fact that more than $500 million is spent on bird feeding each year. But the value to shut-ins and to children learning firsthand about the natural world can't be expressed in dollars and cents. Anyone who feeds birds is bound to get a lot of pleasure out of it, and it has to enhance the public's concern for wildlife."

Until the questions regarding bird feeding are satisfactorily answered, here are a few simple guidelines. For certain species, feeders should be at least eight or 10 feet off the ground (although others prefer to eat directly off the ground) and located fairly close to escape cover—shrubs and trees—but not so close that cats can hide there. Old grain and seed husks should be removed and droppings regularly cleaned from feeders to reduce the possibility of the spreading of disease. If you leave home during the winter, even for a weekend, have a friend check the feeder and restock it when necessary. This is little enough to do for creatures that enliven the outdoors in even the dreariest of winters. **END**



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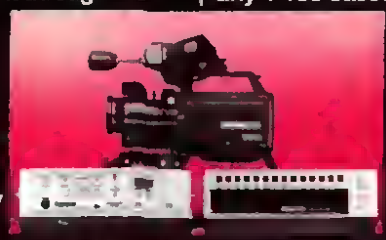
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ROLE MODELS AND RESPONSIBILITY

What do child psychologist Leonard Reich and World Series MVP Darrell Porter have in common? Just this: Both object to the see-no-evil glorification of star athletes. Addressing himself to the question of how publicity about misdeeds by sports stars—cocaine abuse, barroom scuffles, academic deficiencies and the like—might affect young people, Reich, who practices in New York, rejects the notion that the media should play down the news of such behavior because it supposedly sets a poor example for children.

Reich notes that the press has a "responsibility to report what is," and he maintains that such information won't necessarily hurt youngsters. "There's value in children idealizing heroes, but there's also value in portraying heroes as more 'human,'" Reich says. "It helps kids make their expectations more realistic. They see that when one reaches a high level of achievement, it isn't all a bed of roses."

Porter, whose life certainly hasn't been all roses, also thinks it's a bad idea to sweep wrongdoing by athletes under the rug, reasoning that such a practice ill serves the athletes themselves. By now most baseball fans know the story of how Porter attained his World Series success after courageously admitting two years ago that he had a drug and alcohol problem and voluntarily entering a rehabilitation clinic. What hasn't been widely reported is the fact that Porter places some of the blame for his past troubles on the *public's unquestioning adoration of athletes*, which, he implies, encourages the ultimately destructive illusion that they lead charmed lives and can misbehave with impunity. "One time in Kansas City I was blown away on Quaaludes and beer and my car ran into another car," Porter says. "They [the police] all knew who I was. They gave the other guy a ticket, and all I had to do was sign autographs for the policemen's kids at the station. I could have had 30 tickets, probably. They never made me responsible for my actions."

The conclusion is inescapable that while sports stars can and should be appreciated for their athletic feats, they should otherwise be treated as the normal human beings that, for better or worse, they are. Pretending that they're paragons of virtue when they're not is a delusion that can hurt everybody.

POINTLESS

Bill Roth, a Mt. Lebanon (Pa.) High School student who serves as public-address announcer at his school's home football games, has probably done as good a job as anyone of summing up the fans' view of the NFL strike. At halftime of a game two weeks ago against Butler High, Roth was announcing scores of games played elsewhere when he slipped in this mock result: NFL Players 0, Owners 0. The crowd cheered when he elaborated: "Neither side has a point."

YAWN FROM THE HEAD TABLE

Get-well wishes are in order for Jim Crowley, 80, who is recuperating at home in Scranton, Pa. after suffering a heart attack last month. Sleepy Jim, as he's known, is linked to two of college football's most famous aggregations: He's the last surviving member of the celebrated Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, and he was head coach at Fordham when it had that storied line, the Seven Blocks of Granite. Crowley later became a successful businessman and after-dinner speaker much in demand because of his wit. For example, Crowley, who acquired his nickname because of his sometimes drowsy manner, often claimed that he suffered from insomnia. His description *of his problem is a banquet-circuit classic*: "I sleep all right at night and in the morning, but in the afternoon I toss and turn something awful."

NYET TO NEW HAVEN

New Haven, Conn., the home of Yale, the Long Wharf Theatre and other bastions of civilization, has suffered a blow to its civic pride from which it won't easily recover. The indignity was inflicted by Victor Nechaev, 27, a onetime member of the Leningrad Army Club hockey team who moved to the U.S. earlier this year after marrying an American visitor to the U.S.S.R. Drafted by the Los Angeles Kings, Nechaev started this season with the minor league New Haven Nighthawks but was called up by the Kings on Oct. 16, thus becoming the second Russian-born NHL player; the other was Odessa-born Johnny (The Mad Russian) Gottselig, who played for the Chicago Black Hawks from 1928 to 1945. But on Oct. 22 the Kings dropped Nechaev after he balked at their efforts to return him to New Haven. Even the most



rabid New Haven boosters will have trouble explaining that one away. You see, the man who refused banishment to their city is a native of Siberia.

DOUBLE DUTY

As a boy Mike Ferraro's idols included *Frank Crosetti, the Yankee infielder and* longtime third-base coach. When Ferraro, after flings as a big league infielder and minor league manager in the Yankee organization, himself became the Yankees' third-base coach in 1979, he naturally measured himself against his hero. If a Yankee got gunned down at the plate, Ferraro would ask fellow Coach Yogi Berra, "Did Crosetti ever have guys thrown out?" Berra would reply reassuringly, "Sure, good third-base coaches always do." Then came the fateful 1980 American League championship playoff loss to the Royals, during which Ferraro waved Willie Randolph home at a critical juncture. Randolph was out, and so was Ferraro; the following season, owner

continued

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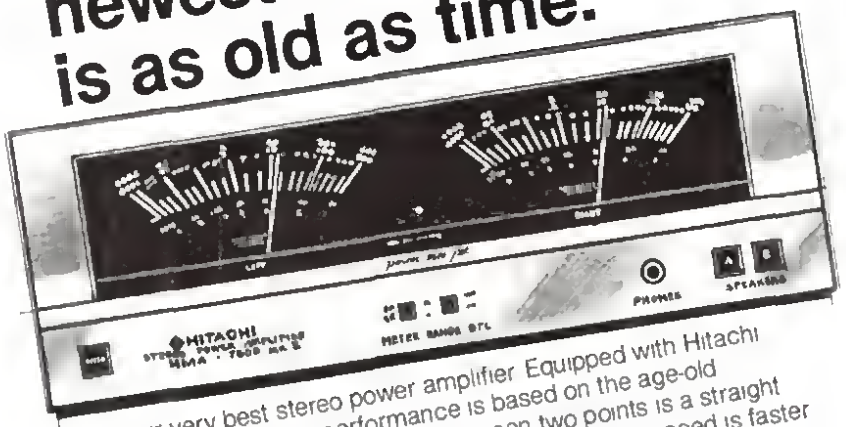
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George Steinbrenner demoted him to the first-base coaching box, where he has languished ever since.

Now there's speculation that Ferraro will be named manager of either the A's or, more likely, the Indians. The question arises whether Ferraro, if he does become a big league manager, would be tempted to perform double duty as his own third-base coach. In the old days major league managers often handled that chore—Leo Durocher was still doing so for the Giants in the 1950s—but not anymore. By remaining in the dugout, skippers now have more time to talk to players and concentrate on strategy and, perhaps more important, are spared the taunts of second-guessing fans.

Ferraro says that if he does become a manager, he'd almost certainly have somebody else coach third. But he adds that managers still frequently double as third-base coaches in the minors and notes that he served in that dual capacity for four different teams in the Yankee farm system. And he says he would conceivably do the same in the majors "if there were no experienced third-base coaches available."

FLOYD-INGEMAR REMATCH

Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson didn't run in this year's New York Marathon. So what, you ask? They didn't play in the World Series, either, right? Yes, but they'd *hoped* to have a go in New York. The erstwhile ring opponents are both into running these days, and they launched a promising new rivalry on June 6 when they and some 8,400 other entrants ran in the Stockholm Marathon. Johansson, a native of Sweden who now lives in Pompano Beach, Fla., had run in the Stockholm event last year (SCORECARD, Aug. 31, 1981), and a Swedish newspaper got the idea of bringing Patterson over from his home in New Paltz, N.Y. to run "against" his old boxing foe in the '82 race.

It was no contest—in more ways than one. Patterson, 47, who was running his first marathon, was in fighting trim at 182 pounds, and he braved 86° heat to cover the Stockholm course in 4:22:55. Johansson, who turned 50 on Sept. 22, weighed 246 pounds and reached the finish line in 4:55. He was lustily cheered by spectators, and so was Patterson, whose wife is Swedish. To the disappointment of fans and photographers, however, the

continued



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*Burke Market Research Survey of 5000 businesses, April, 1980

two never saw each other during the race, although they were able to compare notes when they got together for dinner later that evening.

A marathoning duel in New York, where Patterson and Johansson waged two of their three heavyweight title fights more than two decades ago, would have been a natural, but Patterson abandoned plans to compete in this year's event when he didn't receive confirmation of his invitation, the result of an acknowledged oversight by race director Fred Lebow. Johansson, who finished the 1981 New York Marathon in 4:30, had planned to return but attended a boat show on the West Coast instead. It seems inevitable that the two old prizefighters will make another joint marathon appearance sooner or later, if only because of the gauntlet thrown down by Johansson, who vowed after the Stockholm race, "Next time I'm going to beat him."

ACCUSATION AND AMPLIFICATION

Following Clemson's 38–29 win over North Carolina State on Oct. 23, the coaches of the two teams, Danny Ford and Monte Kiffin, met on the field in Raleigh for what reporters, fans and other onlookers assumed would be the customary postgame handshake. A testy exchange ensued. Clemson has been under NCAA investigation for some time for possible recruiting violations, and Ford was unhappy that NCAA officials had visited the North Carolina State campus to question Wolfpack players who'd also been recruited by the Tigers. Ford's dialogue on the subject with Kiffin was picked up on tape by Raleigh (N.C.) TV station WPTF:

Ford: "My ass you didn't turn us in. . . . They [the NCAA] have been up here three times. . . ."

Kiffin: "I didn't tell them. . . . I didn't tell them."

Ford: "Who did?"

Kiffin: "I never did. I never turned you in. . . They came up here. I don't know how they got here."

Asked about this exchange with Ford, Kiffin at first denied it had taken place but changed his tune when informed that the tape existed. Ford was a bit slippery, too. After first trying to claim that his confrontation with Kiffin had been "a private conversation"—a curious objection, considering it had occurred amid a milling crowd—Ford said, "Ain't no telling what I said after the game. But if I said it, I said it." Having thus acknowledged (well, sort of) that the conversation had taken place, Ford and Kiffin next addressed themselves, with equally enigmatic effect, to the substantive issue of whether Kiffin had, in fact, blown the whistle on Clemson. The word from Ford: "I don't know if he did it or not. If he did, that's his business, and if we turn them in, it's our business." And Kiffin: "I didn't turn him in. But if I had, I wouldn't have been wrong." On the fact that Ford had dared accuse him of such a thing, Kiffin added, "I don't think he probably necessarily meant it."

A BIRD DOG MAKES SOME POINTS

In a speech in New York the other day, George Steinbrenner got off a good one. Referring to Willie McGee, who starred in the World Series after being traded by the Yankees to the Cardinals, Steinbrenner said, "He's with St. Louis now—and so is the scout that told us he'd never make our team." Even before the quip could find its way into THEY SAID IT, however, a story in the Long Island newspaper *Newsday* put the McGee deal in a somewhat different light.

It turns out there really is an ex-Yankee scout with the Cardinals, Wilfredo Calvino. Contrary to what Steinbrenner joshingly implied, it also happens that Calvino left the Yankees in 1980, well before McGee was traded and, of course, before he became a World Series star. Far from counseling the Yankees that McGee would never make the team, Calvino said he told then-Yankee General Manager Gene Michael that McGee had the makings of a "great player." After Calvino joined the Cardinals last October, he recommended McGee to Cardinal General Manager Whitey Herzog, who heeded his advice.

Besides setting the record straight concerning McGee, Calvino told of another onetime Yankee prospect. "We had an opportunity to get him for $40,000," Calvino said. "Some time later the Dodgers had to pay over $100,000 to sign him." The prospect: Fernando Valenzuela.

NONBOXERS OF THE WORLD, UNIGHT!

If you liked the baseball and NFL strikes, you'll positively love the walkout staged in Fort Lauderdale the other evening by a fighter—make that a nonfighter—named Dennis Marsella. Just four days before Marsella was scheduled to enter the ring for a four-rounder at War Memorial Auditorium, the bout was canceled because, the promoters said, they'd belatedly discovered that Marsella had never fought before. Marsella, a 31-year-old lifeguard, admitted to this small gap in his *curriculum vitae*, but claimed that the real reason the fight was scrapped was that he'd alienated the promoters by making too many demands. For example, he wanted to be paid $300 instead of the $150 he was offered. He also was unhappy because his name had been misspelled "Marcella" on the card's posters. At any rate, after the decision to cancel the match was announced, Marsella carried his protest to the streets. On the night the fight was to have been held, he picketed the auditorium in his boxing trunks for more than two hours.

We can't help admiring the nerve of a fighter who's never fought going on strike. Ordinarily, we'd even argue that such a stalwart had an inalienable right to help proofread fight posters for possible spelling errors. But we admit to being a little uneasy on that particular score after receiving a letter from Marsella in which he enumerated his many grievances against the promoters and signed off with this ringing declaration: "Someday, *I will fite*!"

THEY SAID IT

- Archie Manning, Houston Oiler quarterback, as the NFL strike neared the six-week mark: "I miss football, even the interceptions."
- Joe Mowad Jr., 9-year-old son of the Cambridge (Ohio) High football coach, asked if he thought he'd get to play for his father someday: "No, he only has a two-year contract."
- Dan Doyle, coach of Ireland's national basketball team, invited by University of Maine Coach Skip Chappelle to exchange written scouting reports before a Nov. 8 game between their teams: "I'm in total agreement. I just hope Skip can read Gaelic."
- George Sheehan, the physician-author who almost mystically extols the supposed pleasures of long-distance running, after withdrawing from the New York Marathon at 13 miles with a pulled muscle: "There is no bad experience in running. But it will take time to figure out why this is a good one." **END**


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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 8, 1982

Oh What A Notable Victory!

Stanford did not fiddle around with Washington, scoring a dazzling 43–31 upset with John Elway's arm and some unsung feet **by RON FIMRITE**

It might just be possible, as the Washington Huskies learned to their considerable grief last Saturday, to have *too* much respect for John Elway, Stanford's peerless quarterback. The heavily favored Huskies were so intent on stopping Elway, sometimes with suicidal safety blitzes, that they neglected, as Elway himself assuredly did not, the other weapons in the Cardinal arsenal. The oversight proved costly, as Stanford brought its record to 5–3 by beating Washington 43–31 in *this* season's *biggest* upset.

The Huskies' defeat will surely drop them several notches in the Top 20 ratings—they had been atop the UPI poll and ranked second by the AP and SI. And, equally surely, the win boosted the Heisman Trophy candidacy of Elway, who, though he generously delegated responsibility on this afternoon, still completed 20 of 30 passes—16 of his last 17—for 265 yards and two touchdowns.

Elway is one of those rare athletes whose mere presence so obsesses opponents that they tend to concentrate on him at the expense of all else. Says Stanford Coach Paul Wiggin, "Every team we play puts up a picture of John and says, 'That's our battle cry.' " Not without cause, of course. Elway already holds Pac-10 career records for completions (698), touchdown passes (72) and passing yardage (8,408),

continued



Backup Tight End Jim Clymer backed up the Cardinal's wild victory celebration.





and he's only 26 yards shy of the conference's total offense standard of 8,178 yards established by one of his Stanford predecessors, Jim Plunkett, who has helped while away the NFL strike by attending some Stanford practices and giving Elway an occasional tip. But mere numbers cannot account for Elway's impact on opponents, nor do the stats tell the story of Saturday's emotional triumph in a game Wiggin and his players agreed, "We *have* to win."

As it turned out, Stanford was almost too ready for the Huskies, and its eagerness hurt the Cardinal early. On the first play from scrimmage, with a mist hanging so heavily over Stanford Stadium that Washington should have felt right at home, Stanford Halfback Vincent White fumbled after gaining 14 yards, and Huskies Tackle Ron Holmes recovered on the Cardinal 34. Faster than you can say Jacque Robinson, it was 7–0 Washington, Tailback Robinson having barreled in from 13 yards out. On its next offensive play, Stanford again handed the ball over, this time on Chris O'Connor's leaping interception at the Cardinal 39 of Elway's first pass of the afternoon. But Stanford held, and after an exchange of punts, Huskies Quarterback Steve Pelluer matched Elway in one statistical category when Stanford Outside Linebacker Kevin Bates intercepted Pelluer's pass intended for Robinson at the Washington 36. Three plays later Elway lofted a 35-yard scoring pass to Flanker Steve Brown to pull Stanford even. No matter. The Huskies still seemed in command. Midway through the second quarter, they were ahead 17–7, and Stanford didn't look very fit. Within minutes in the first quarter, its starting and backup fullbacks, Greg Hooper (pinched neck nerve) and Rob Moore (torn right knee cartilage) were out of the game. Kaulana Park, a sophomore from Hawaii who had carried the ball only four times all year, was called upon to fill in.

Halfway through the second quarter, on a first down from the Washington 46, the Huskies set up as usual to protect against the pass. Strong Safety O'Connor had moved in close to the line in a posture that indicated blitz. Which was fine by Stanford Offensive Coordinator Jim Fassel, who said afterward, "If they sack us, they take seven yards away from us. But if they don't, they give us seven points." The safety blitz obliges the defensive backs to play man-for-man, a gamble the Huskies were willing to take with their all-senior secondary. This time, the gamble failed. Elway didn't pass. Instead, he handed off to Halfback Mike Dotterer. Park, meanwhile, picked up the blitzing O'Connor and dropped him with a perfect block five yards behind the line of scrimmage, leaving a gaping hole in the defense. Now with O'Connor out of the action, Dotterer crossed the line of scrimmage and found open turf between him and the end zone. "There was no one there," said Dotterer, "so I just turned on the burners."



Brown hauled down Elway's first touchdown toss.

After the extra point Stanford was back in the game, trailing by only three points. Elway did a little dance, and the Cardinal bench erupted. "I could feel things picking up," said Dotterer, the son of Dutch Dotterer, a catcher for the Cincinnati Reds and Washington Senators, and a gifted scholar-athlete. Like Elway, Dotterer could play professional baseball next year—an outfielder, he turned down a contract offer from the Oakland A's to complete his senior year at Stanford—if he doesn't win a Rhodes scholarship.

Indeed things did pick up as Stanford again held Washington and forced another punt. Seven plays later—among them, two Elway passes to Tight End Chris Dressel good for 32 yards—Dotterer scored from one yard out and Stanford took the lead. Then, after a 53-yard drive, and four seconds before the half, Mark Harmon kicked a 45-yard field goal that gave the Cardinals a 24–17 lead. Early in the third quarter, Elway beat yet another Huskies safety blitz, this time with an 18-yard pass into the end zone to Split End Emile Harry. That 68-yard drive was again sustained by a pass up the middle to Dressel, for 41 yards.

Dressel, who had six catches for 106 yards, found himself free over the middle for most of the Washington game, partly because Elway was so effective at looking off the inside backers. "They were playing my eyes," said Elway. "By looking off, I got them flaring out. That left the middle open." At 8:17 of the third quar-



The Huskies had eyes only for Elway, so Dotterer ran for 106 yards and two TDs.

ter White ran around right end for a three-yard touchdown to give Stanford a 20-point lead that was soon shortened to 13 when Pelluer hit Leroy Lutu for 17 yards and a TD.

Dressel racked up 106 yards on six receptions.



It was left to 5′ 8″, 190-pound White to carry Stanford out of reach. Because of a bruised shoulder, he was used sparingly the previous week in the Cardinal's 31–26 defeat of Washington State, and he shared halfback time Saturday with Dotterer. Together they rushed for 162 yards and scored four touchdowns. Wiggin had not wanted White to resume his normal punt-return chores for at least another week, but when Mike Tolliver fumbled a kick and almost muffed another, Wiggin decided he needed his surest-handed returner at this critical juncture of the game. White was instructed just to fair-catch the ball, and that was his intention as, with 5:30 remaining in the game, he awaited Jeff Partridge's 57-yarder on his own 24. Then he realized that Partridge had outkicked his coverage. "I decided to run," said White.

As the Huskies converged—failing to cover the lateral 30 yards Coach Don James insists on—White swerved sharply to the right sideline behind a screen of blockers. And that's just what it was: a screen. Not a block was thrown on White's behalf as he headed for the sideline. Suddenly, he was loose, twisting and juking the way his friend Nelson had done before him. Near the Washington 40, he was confronted by Partridge. "I knew then I had a chance to go all the way," said White. Partridge got a hand on White's jersey but couldn't hold on. Free again, White reversed his field, cutting across the center of the gridiron and angling for the left corner of the end zone. He had eluded nine tacklers, by Wiggin's estimate. When White reached the goal line after this tortuous jaunt, he looked back for officials' flags. Finding none, he bounded high in celebration.

The 76-yard return was the second longest in Stanford history. "I've never seen a run like that in my life," said Dotterer. "I still can't believe he made it," said former Cardinal and now Minnesota Viking Darrin Nelson, who, having no football to play for the moment, was watching his second Stanford game as a spectator.



White's 76-yard punt return capped the upset.

"If you told me we'd score 31 points and lose, I would be quite honest and say that would be a mistake," said James, who had only the day before put to rest rumors that he would be the next coach of the Seattle Seahawks. "Maybe he should reconsider," said one disappointed Huskies fan. "They read most of our blitzes real well," said James, understating the case. "We were in a lot of coverage-type defenses and they did a great job of running against the package."

Obviously, a package designed specifically to stop Elway simply couldn't hold all the Cardinal players. **END**

TURN THE PAGE TO FIND OUT WHY COLLEGES ARE GOING TO THE AIR.

And This Too Has Come To Pass

The new strategy is victory through air power . . . even in the Big Ten

by CRAIG NEFF

Unfold the NCAA's weekly 70-page statistical printout and impressive passing numbers tumble into your lap like spilled popcorn, and not just next to a name like Elway, but alongside guys called Whit and Boomer and Babe. You'll see right there in cold squared-off digits what Bill Walsh, new blocking rules, California and colored gloves—among other things—have done to college football: Passing isn't just up, it's *way* up.

Fact most likely to cause a double take: Abounding in the Big Ten—where plays used to be three yards long, one fullback wide and a cloud of dust high—are *eight* of the nation's Top 50 major-college passers.

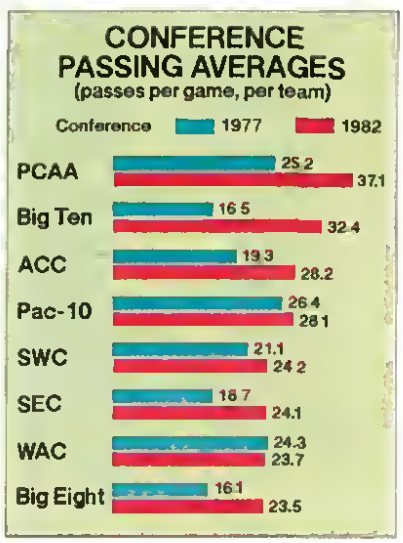
Fact that indicates the increase in passing doesn't figure to be just a single-season statistical aberration: Oklahoma is looking for a quarterback who can fling.

For the first time ever, major-college teams are gaining more yards by passing than by rushing. As the chart on the facing page shows, even though passing attempts have risen steadily since 1976, this year's increase has been especially sharp. Attempts are up by 9.1% per game, completions by 13.4% and passing yardage by 9.9%. Passing also has led to more points (an average of 43.2 per game against 41.0 just last season), longer games (145.2 offensive plays per game, compared to 141.2 in 1979), higher attendance (up by 677 fans per game over '81) and the answer to at least one eternal domestic problem: Says Washington State Coach Jim Walden, "Every woman in the world knows where the ball is when it's in the air." Adds Vanderbilt Coach George MacIntyre, throwing out an old line with a new twist, "When you run, three things can happen, and two of them—a loss and a fumble—are bad."

The increase in passing has occurred in almost every conference (see *chart at right*) and has been even more pronounced among independents, such as Penn State, West Virginia and Boston College. When the Nittany Lions beat the Mountaineers 24–0 two weeks ago, West Virginia Quarterback Jeff Hostetler had an "off day" and still completed 19 of 37 for 250 yards. Last Saturday, Penn State defeated BC 52–17 despite the heroics of Eagle sophomore Doug Flutie, a scrambler whose throwing had led his team to a 5–1–1 mark going into the game. Flutie, just 5′ 10″ and 175 pounds, completed 26 of 44 passes against the Nittany Lions, good for 520 yards, the tenth-highest single-game total in NCAA history. "You wonder how he's able to see over those pass rushers," says BC Coach Jack Bicknell. "He doesn't. Neither does a 6′ 1″ guy. You have to look between the rushers, not over them."

Penn State's 6′ 4″ junior, Todd Blackledge, the centerpiece of Coach Joe Paterno's new passing offense, threw for three touchdowns against the Eagles, bringing his single-season school record total to 20 after only eight games. The Nittany Lions, who last year gained 39% of their yardage by passing, have achieved 54% of it in the air in 1982. "I'm not completely comfortable with it," says Paterno, "but we have to take advantage of the great skill people we have."

The greatest of the skill people belongs to Stanford. He's the aforementioned John Elway, a B— student majoring in economics, a sometime outfielder in the Yankee organization and perhaps the best college passer ever.





Lowrey has strong-armed FSU to No. 11.

"Elway is unbelievable when he's got time and he's healthy. He can work miracles," says senior Quarterback Jamie McAlister of New Mexico State, who himself completed 26 of 38 for 385 yards and four touchdowns in a 28–26 loss to Wichita State last month. "As far as arms go, Elway's got everybody beat. But if *any* quarterback has a line that can win the battle up front, he only has to be an adequate passer to get things done."

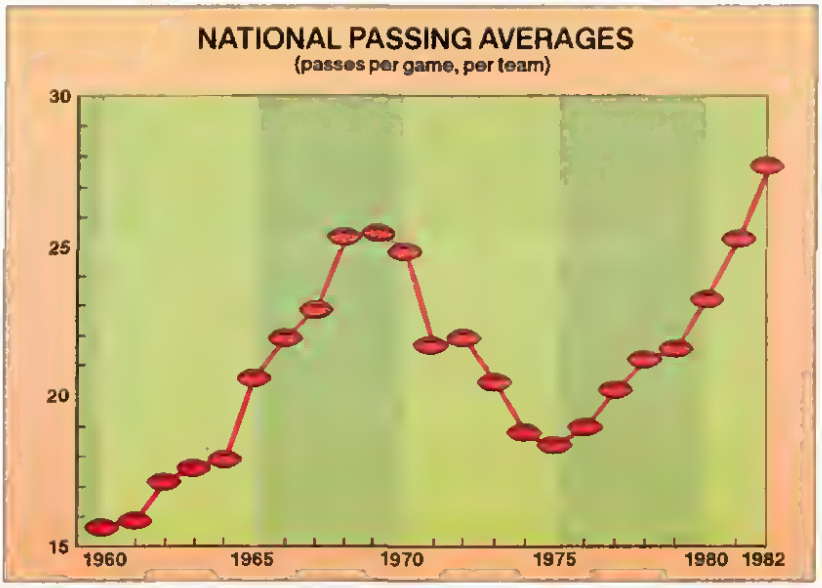
This year's stats are proof of that assertion, because never before have quarterbacks had so much time to throw. Since 1980, when a rule change reduced the penalty for offensive holding from 15 yards to 10 and allowed offensive linemen to extend their arms and use their hands while blocking, the battle up front has been as futile for pass rushers as the charge was for the Light Brigade. Alabama Coach Bear Bryant disparagingly calls the 1980 regulation "the offensive-line holding rule," and Wyoming Coach Al Kincaid says, "There are guys getting away with murder. I don't know how you can have a pass rush in college football anymore." Adding to the blockers' edge is the fact that officials are reluctant to call holding because the use-of-hands rule is so vague and because they're so often pulled downfield—and out of position to watch for holding—by passing plays. Some crafty coaches have exacer-

bated the officials' difficulties in detecting holding by outfitting blockers with gloves that match the color of opponents' jerseys.

Secondaries have been hindered, too, by a long-standing interpretation, written into the rule book this year, that prohibits a defensive player from bumping a receiver once the receiver has drawn even with him. "Used to be, you could beat the hell out of a receiver, just keep on bumping and shoving him," says former Florida State Assistant Coach Bob Harbison. Now defenders are permitted just one "bump" before they become involved in a high-speed chase.

New rules are but one reason for the passing explosion. "Give credit to the defensive coaches," says Offensive Coordinator Frank Sadler of New Mexico. "Defensive philosophies like eight- or nine-man fronts have shut down running games."

"Basically, it starts in high school," says Temple Coach Wayne Hardin. "I think most of the high schools are throwing the ball more than ever in the past." Adds Tulane Coach Vince Gibson, "Another reason is television. Receivers can study instant replays and perfect moves that many ballplayers didn't think about 10 and 15 years ago. This starts before high school." Other observers cite the increasing number of Pee Wee leagues and instructional camps for young players. "We're getting finished products as far as pass catchers are concerned," says Gibson. "The same goes for quarterbacks."



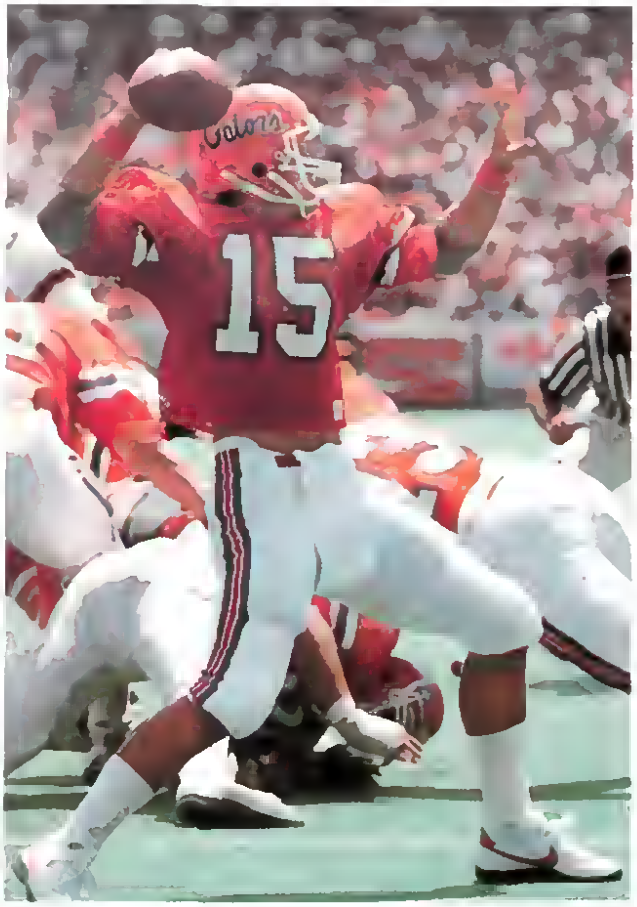


Bennett's 2,040 yards through the air for Duke is the country's eighth-highest total.

Certainly it helps that the current group of signal-callers—from freshmen through seniors—is also extraordinarily talented. Tony Razzano, director of college scouting for the San Francisco 49ers, calls it "one of the best in the 20 years I've been in the business. It'll be a long time before there's another crop like this one." It seems to be the match of such notable groups as those of 1955, when Earl Morrall and Bart Starr were seniors and Sonny Jurgensen, Len Dawson, John Brodie and Milt Plum were juniors, and of 1970, when Jim Plunkett, Archie Manning, Dan Pastorini, Joe Theismann, Lynn Dickey and Ken Anderson were in college. Elway, Blackledge and Pitt senior Dan Marino may have received the most attention this season, but there is a raft of others who have shown exceptional ability. Wayne Peace of Florida, a junior, has completed a phenomenal 74.1% of his 170 passes and has led the Gators to wins over Miami and USC. Senior Tom Ramsey of UCLA, the national leader in passing efficiency, a statistic that takes into account completion percentage, total passing yards, touchdowns and interceptions, has thrown 17 TD passes in eight games and given the Bruins their strongest aerial attack ever, stronger even than in the days of Bob Waterfield, Billy Kilmer or Heisman Trophy winner Gary Beban.

At Brigham Young, junior Steve Young has proved himself a worthy successor to the illustrious Gifford Nielsen, Marc Wilson and Jim McMahon, by completing 160 of 266, while Maryland junior Boomer Esiason, a lefty, has brought the Terps out of their conservative shell. Last week he engineered a 31–24 upset of ACC rival North Carolina. And, oh, his name? In the months before Norman Julius Esiason was born, he kicked so much in his mother's womb that his dad kept asking, "How did Boomer do today?" And if you want to know how Arizona beat Notre Dame 16–13, and tied UCLA 24–24, look no further than junior Tom Tunnicliffe, the country's seventh most efficient passer (57.9%), whose best performance came in a 55–7 rout of Pacific. In that game

continued



Florida's Peace has the top completion rate, 74.1%.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Tunnicliffe completed 21 of 27 for 427 yards and six touchdowns and set eight school single-game records. Duke's Ben Bennett, also only a junior, is already on the verge of breaking the ACC career records for passing yardage (6,116, he has 5,535) and touchdown passes (37, Bennett has 34), and junior Kelly Lowrey of Florida State has made his mark as an outstanding option thrower, completing 69 of his 129 passes and leading the 6–1 Seminoles to an unexpected ranking in the Top 20. Southern Mississippi's Reggie Collier, a 6′ 4″, 205-pound senior who in 1981 became the first Division I-A quarterback ever to both pass and rush for 1,000 yards in a season, will be as attractive as anyone to NFL scouts.

As for Indiana senior Babe Laufenberg—his real name is Brandon (Brandon?), but as the youngest of six kids he lucked out on his nickname—who briefly attended Stanford, Missouri and Pierce J.C. near Los Angeles before becoming a Hoosier, well, ol' Babe set school records by completing 34 of 56 passes, for 335 yards, two weeks ago in a 49–25 loss to Ohio State. Incredibly, he wasn't the Big Ten's most prolific thrower that day. In a 49–14 defeat by Michigan, Sandy Schwab of Northwestern, a freshman, put the ball up an NCAA-record 71 times, completing 45 for 436 yards. "It's touch football," grumbled Wolverine Coach Bo Schembechler, who nonetheless has been calling more pass plays himself lately, however reluctantly.

Among this season's other noteworthy passers:

Tony Eason, Illinois. Champaign (*sic*) Tony, a 6′ 4″ senior, transferred from California's American River College two years ago, having averaged fewer than 10 passes per game in his high school and junior college careers. "I came in on the ground floor," he says. Yet last season he set nine Big Ten passing records, and this fall he's averaged 41.7 attempts, 26 completions and 308.4 yards per game. His 479-yard passing performance against Wisconsin two weeks ago ranks as the second-best single-game showing in Division I-A so far this season.

"We throw high-percentage passes, four or five yards, instead of running," says Eason. "We balance those with the longer passes. If you have a 90% completion probability, that's as good as an off-tackle trap." And that explains exactly the difference between 1982 and other big passing years: Teams are throwing more short, efficient passes. They're passing to set up the run. They're passing *instead* of the run. They're passing to set up more passing.

Whit Taylor, Vanderbilt. Like Eason, Taylor, a 5′ 11″ senior, never passed much until last year, when Vanderbilt dumped its veer offense in favor of a multiple-formation "smorgasbord" passing set. Taylor ate heartily off the smorgasbord, breaking 17 school passing records and leading the SEC in passing offense (3,036 yards). This fall he passed for 287 yards in a 31–29 upset of Florida and brought Vandy to within four points of knocking off Alabama.

"We have so many shifts and formations that sometimes it's almost comical to watch the defense react," says Taylor. "It gets pretty hectic for them. They talk to each other." That's another 1982 development. In emulation of the pros, college teams are adding all sorts of new twists to their passing attacks—not just shifts and motion but extra wide receivers and trick plays. "We always feel we have the advantage over the defense," says Taylor.

Echoing Eason, he adds, "Ours isn't a gambling offense. It's a ball-control offense." Indeed, on 279 pass plays—usually four- or five-yard shots—the Commodores have turned the ball over just nine times; they've lost 10 fumbles, however, on 222 running plays. Yup, three things can happen, two of them bad.

In its spring game in April, Vandy learned quickly what the fans want to see. On the first series from scrimmage, Taylor took his squad 80 yards for a touchdown with a clever mixture of sweeps and traps and off-tackle plays. Thereupon a woman in the stands stood and shouted, "Throw the ball!" Attendance is up by an average of 4,250 to 7,000 per game at Illinois, Wisconsin and Maryland, where passing has taken hold.

What many of these quarterbacks share, besides a love of throwing and startling statistics, is a home state: California, where high school teams often pass as frequently as Stanford and where, in the summer, young players can sharpen their skills in seven-on-seven, two-hand-touch "passing leagues." Among the golden arms from the Golden State are Elway, Ramsey, Eason, Bennett, Tunnicliffe, Schwab, Frank Seurer (89 of 168 in '82) of Kansas and Mike Hohensee (175 of 285) of Minnesota. "Anybody who wants to can find a great passer in California and can teach blockers how to hold legally and protect him," says Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz, concisely summarizing what many schools have done or will do, including heretofore run-oriented Oklahoma, which has lately been combing through West Coast junior college rosters, looking for both a passer and receivers for next season. Even Princeton got itself a California quarterback, senior Brent Woods, who has broken two school total offense records and completed 150 of 317 for 1,877 yards in seven games this season.

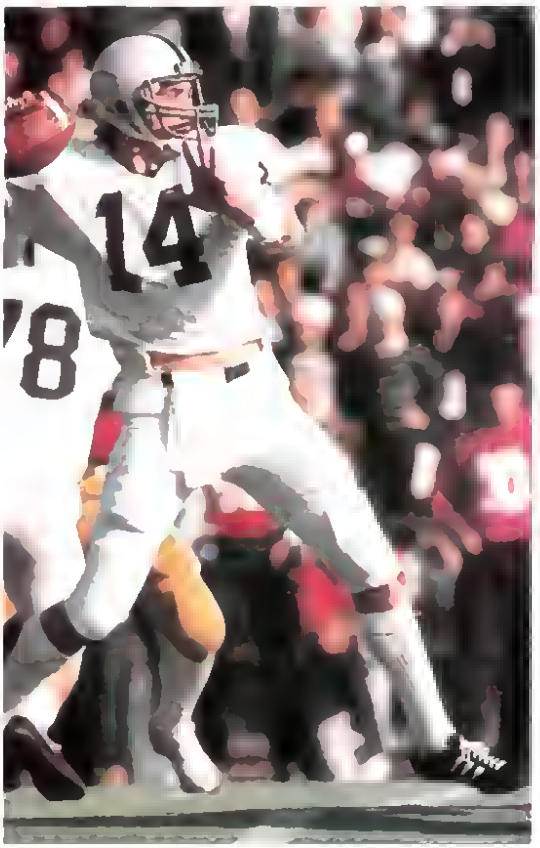
California coaches as well as quarterbacks have been a force in the Big Ten's radical transformation. The conference now ranks second only to the Pacific Coast Athletic Association (San Jose State, Long Beach State, et al.) in passing attempts; there has been a whopping

96% increase in the Big Ten since 1977. Remember that the conference's demigod used to be Woody Hayes of Ohio State, a man who for years said, "Three things can happen when you pass and two of them are bad." He recently amended his antipassing axiom to include more than completions, incompletions and interceptions. "*Four* things can happen," he declared, having seen the Earle Bruce-coached Buckeyes turn to the pass and lose three straight games. "You might get fired."

When Darryl Rogers went to Michigan State in 1976 from pass-happy San Jose State, he brought with him a far different view. "From what I gather, Big Ten coaches don't like to pass on first down because if it's not complete, that means they have to pass on the next two downs," he said. "The way I look at it, if you complete the pass on the first down, you don't have to worry about the next two downs." Hayden Fry and Joe Salem brought similar ideas to Iowa (last year's Big Ten co-champion) and Minnesota, respectively, and Mike White and Dennis Green—two more of the California school—have installed passing offenses at Illinois and Northwestern.



UCLA's Ramsey (above) has thrown for 17 touchdowns, while Penn State's Blackledge has 20 TDs to his credit. Between them they've lost but once.



White and Green both had at one time or another been assistants under Bill Walsh, for the past four years the coach of *the San Francisco 49ers.* Among college coaches who emulate the pros there's a tendency to specifically take after Walsh. "His ball-control passing game has opened the eyes of many coaches," former Denver Bronco and Stanford Coach John Ralston says. "A Super Bowl win will do that." Walsh is popular primarily because the style he developed is nearly impossible to stop.

"You can't play a good zone coverage against that type of passing game," laments Missouri's Defensive Coordinator Carl Reese. "It's forced us into man-to-man defense. You have to have a man up where the ball is. He can't sit back and react." With the emasculation of the pass rush, defensive backs and linebackers have to blitz the quarterback more than in the past—a tactic that often backfires by leaving the secondary short-handed, as Washington learned against Stanford last Saturday. Eason talks of mixing up long and short passes and thereby "stretching zone defenses vertically and horizontally, stretching them until they have holes."

The passing game also stretches games. "The concessions people love us. They sold a lot of soft drinks," said Vanderbilt's McIntyre after a three-hour 13-minute, 19–10 defeat of Mississippi in which the two teams threw 82 passes. Thanks to Elway's arm, Stanford, too, has chalked up some big sales. Even though the Cardinal is only 5–3 this fall, it already has appeared three times on national television and once on regional TV. Stanford will net about $1 million *after* sharing its TV money with the other Pac-10 members.

Though passing doesn't necessarily guarantee victories, it does instill hope. "It's our great equalizer, our chance to stay in the games against teams with better talent," says Illinois' White. More schools than ever realize that. Adds Purdue Coach Leon Burtnett, "To immediately build up a program, go get a good quarterback and specialists."

Of course, many of the traditional *powers can afford to disdain such quick* fixes. Alabama still runs its multiple option. Nebraska, with running backs Mike Rozier and Roger Craig need pass no more than usual. Georgia is winning even while throwing only 15 passes per game, down from 19 last season. Until Saturday, Notre Dame had yet to throw a TD pass this year. Even Indiana Coach Lee Corso, whose Quarterback Laufenberg is averaging 21.1 completions a game, cautions, "If you throw 50 passes in a game, I'll guarantee you one thing. You'll get beat." Agreeing with him is Washington State's Walden, who says, "Passing teams don't win national championships. Teams that can pass win national championships." **END**



Obelmejias may have political clout, but it was Hagler who made the real connections.

It was 4:35 Sunday morning in San Remo, a late hour even for the Italian Riviera, but Marvelous Marvin Hagler was promenading jauntily along the sidewalk of the Corso Cavallotti toward the Hotel Méditerranée. With his leather cap on his shaved head and a tote bag in his left hand, he looked like a workman heading home after the lobster shift. Which, in a way, was what he was.

Almost an hour earlier, on the stage of a movie theater, the Teatro Ariston, before 2,000 spectators, Hagler, the undisputed middleweight champion of the world, had knocked out Fulgencio Obelmejias of Venezuela at 2:25 of the fifth round, clouting him with a sweeping right hook that caught the challenger on the sweet spot of his jaw. The right hook is the lefthanded Hagler's most destructive punch, and this one had been as swift and decisive as any he'd ever thrown. The San Remo fight had been his first title defense since fracturing a rib in training June 22—his first, in fact, since he knocked out Caveman Lee in 67 seconds on March 7—and he felt a palpable sense of relief in getting it behind him. A small entourage, including Pat and Goody Petronelli, Hagler's manager and his trainer respectively, trailed behind him as the last of the late-night revelers roared past in their Fiats.

"Oh man, I feel good!" Hagler said.

Hey, Fully Didn't Fill The Bill

Middleweight champion Marvelous Marvin Hagler dispatched Fulgencio Obelmejias and then verbally sparred with his next big foe (he hopes), welterweight champ Sugar Ray Leonard

by WILLIAM NACK



"Boy, this was an experience—fighting at 3:30 in the morning. Everything was on the money tonight. I showed Fully Obel what a professional fighter is. Everything was right. I felt like the real champion out there. Everything is looking up for me now."

Exactly how far up depends, in considerable measure, on what Sugar Ray Leonard, the undisputed welterweight champion, announces at a press conference in Baltimore on Nov. 9. Ever since Leonard suffered a detached retina while training for a fight last April, his future has been the subject of widespread speculation. But aside from Leonard himself, no one has a greater interest than Hagler in whether Leonard will fight again. If he decides to return, it will be to meet Hagler for the middleweight title in what would surely be the richest bout in the history of the sport.

Most boxing observers are convinced that Leonard will announce his retirement at the press conference, but he has been playing it very coy. A few minutes after Hagler dispatched Obelmejias, he said to Leonard, who was at ringside doing color commentary for HBO, "If we're such good friends, give me a payday!" To which Leonard replied, "Mike Trainer, sign me up." Trainer is Leonard's lawyer.

"Did you hear what I said to Ray?" Hagler asked as he strolled back to his hotel. "Right in front of everybody. I put him on the spot. But I don't think Leonard wants any part of me. He's giving everybody a mirage to look at." Moments after Hagler swept through the Méditerranée's lobby, Leonard materialized at a party in the hotel and whispered to Pat Petronelli, "Pat, after what I saw tonight, me and Marvin could make more money than anybody ever made in the history of boxing. I mean that."

Petronelli, who looked at Leonard and knew he wasn't seeing a mirage, felt a chill. "Right!" he said to Leonard. Earlier, Leonard had urged Petronelli to be in Baltimore for the big announcement, saying, "It's in your interest to be there." Now he was telling Petronelli about all the money that could be made from a Hagler-Leonard bout, and Petronelli thought: Could Leonard be planning to use his Baltimore forum to announce a return to fight Hagler? "I'll be there," Petronelli said.

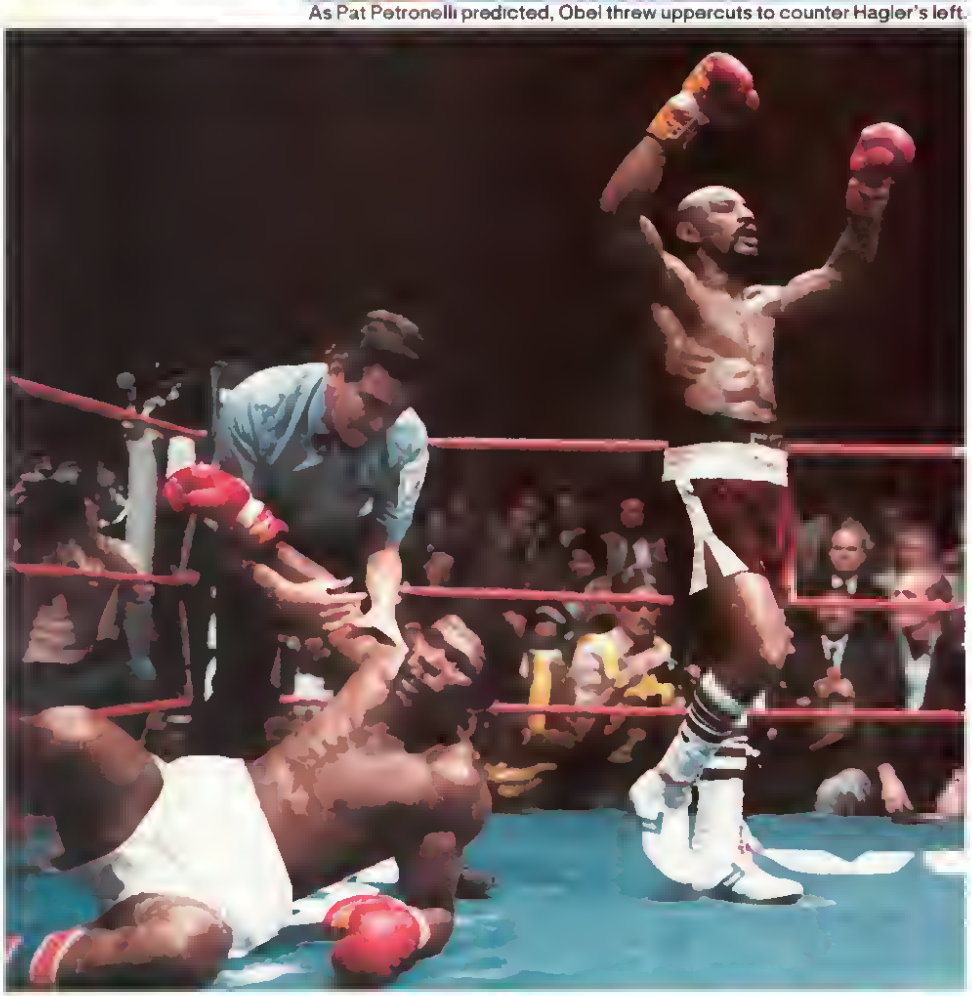
Later, when asked about his intentions, Leonard said that his eye doctor, Ron Michels of Johns Hopkins Hospital, had examined him the week before and had given him an essentially clean bill of health. "My vision is 20-20," Leonard said. "Back to normal. Now it's a new thing. It was up to Dr. Michels. Now it's up to me. I have to start to reevaluate. I had made up my mind, but now that's changed. . . . If anything happens, it will be a one-shot deal."

Unless Leonard announces that he's returning to the ring, Hagler can only look forward to defending his title early next year against the WBC's leading contender, Tony Sibson, a stoutly built Englishman with a powerful left hook, and Frank (The Animal) Fletcher, a body puncher from Philadelphia who can absorb all kinds of punishment but isn't a notably hard hitter. Both fights would be million-dollar paydays for Hagler. Beyond them, of course, there's the winner

continued



As Pat Petronelli predicted, Obel threw uppercuts to counter Hagler's left.



A right hook in the fifth put Obel down and out and sent Hagler up and in heaven.

of the Dec. 3 WBC junior middleweight championship fight between Wilfred Benitez and Thomas Hearns, and for Hagler a match with either would mean millions more. It was the prospect of these paydays, with the vision of Leonard hovering delectably above them all, that helped fuel Hagler's intensity when he stepped onto the stage of the Ariston Sunday morning. He had trained rigorously for this fight—for several weeks on the very tip of Cape Cod, for the last 10 days in San Remo—knowing how long a fall it would be if he ever slipped. He was getting $500,000 (to Obelmejias's $120,000), a pleasant taste of things to come.

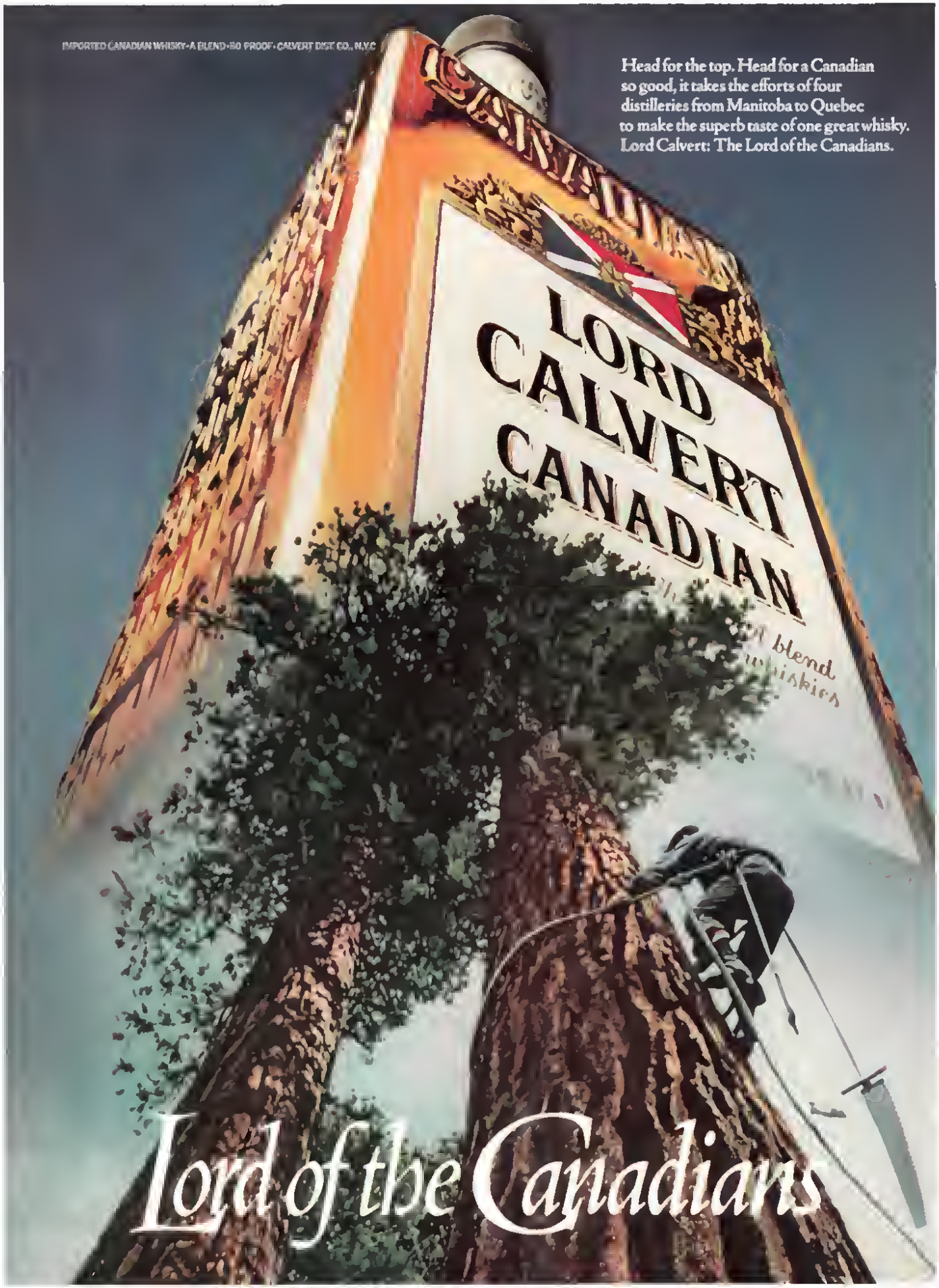
"The way I look at it, this is putting money in the bank as well as keeping me active," Hagler said a few days before the fight. "There's no way I'm taking this guy lightly. I've had nine different sparring partners for this fight. I'm going to make sure I fight him even harder than I did the first time. I punished him then; this time I'm going to hurt him. I don't want this man back."

Hagler had whipped Obelmejias in Boston on Jan. 17, 1981 in his first title defense; he indeed battered Obelmejias around and wore him down before winning on an eighth-round TKO. Going into that bout, Obelmejias was an undefeated mystery—30–0, with 28 KOs—a politically well-connected fighter who had risen to No. 1 in the WBC and WBA by crushing tomato cans. When Hagler whipped him, Obelmejias automatically dropped to No. 4 in the WBA rankings, but he climbed back to No. 1 in the WBA this year by remaining undefeated while two contenders above him lost and the other moved up to light heavyweight. The WBA mandated that Hagler defend against Obelmejias, but the prospect of a rematch was so unattractive that Bob Arum, the promoter, couldn't get a network to buy it. He finally sold the fight to HBO, but only as the first of a three-fight package that is expected to include Hagler's defenses against Sibson and Fletcher.

Obelmejias complained that he had been suffering from a severe cold during his first fight with Hagler (although he never mentioned anything about his illness until after Hagler had won), and so he came to the balmy Mediterranean coast of Italy predicting victory. "It has been more than three months since I be-

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gan training for this fight," Obelmejias said from his camp in Genoa. "I'm sure it will go completely different this time. If I hadn't been sick in Boston, things wouldn't have gone the way they did and I would have won and been champion. I'd never been in a climate like that. Now everything is O.K."

Hagler seemed unconcerned about his recent inactivity. Goody Petronelli expected Hagler to expose Obelmejias as an artificial contender once again. "He's ready to tear him apart," Goody said. "He has been sparring a lot, his timing is nice, and he has no aches and pains. If Obel wants to come at Marvin, fine; he did that last time and ended up on the short end. If he wants to box, fine. We are ready for anything he wants to do." For years Hagler has trained by the motto "Destruction and destroy," so for the San Remo crowd he added an Italian twist, wearing a shirt that said: DISTRUZIONE E DISTRUTTORE.

Few things infuriate Hagler more than an opponent displaying disdain or contempt for him, and he simply can't abide snickering. It violates the Haglerian canon of proper behavior for what he regards as a very serious enterprise between two men, one that can be settled only in the ring. So Obelmejias made his first mistake about 11 hours before the fight, when he kept smiling at Hagler at the weigh-in, raising his arms above his head and saying, "*El campeon* [the champion], *el campeon*. I fix Hagler, I fix." As they left the theater Pat Petronelli said, "He's a punk." Hagler squinted, his eyes like beads. "That's how I like 'em," he said. "I'm gonna hurt him, Pat."



Sibson is next up on Hagler's agenda . . .



In San Remo, Hagler's shirt spoke louder than words.

Whatever Obelmejias' plan was, it never really got off the ground. Hagler appeared cold in the first two rounds, losing both, but in the third he began to pick up the tempo and take the fight to Obelmejias, who was trying to catch Hagler with uppercuts whenever the champion came in. "As soon as Marvin threw the left, Obel threw the right uppercut to the ribs," Goody said. "We trained for that. He was trying to catch Marvin when he was lunging in."

Hagler intensified the pressure in the fourth round, when he began to find a comfortable distance to fight from. Pat kept urging from the corner, "It's just a matter of time, Marvin. Keep pumpin'. Keep pumpin'."

Now in the fifth, Hagler began to tag his man—jabs, hooks, left hands. Suddenly, at the close of one exchange, Hagler reached back and let fly with that right hook. Obelmejias crumpled to the canvas. He rolled on his back, his mouth open, and stared blankly in the air as if studying the murals depicting medieval scenes painted on the ceiling of the theater. At one point he struggled vainly to gain his legs, only to topple over again.

"Wasn't that a sweetheart of a punch?" Pat said.

"Beautiful," Goody said.

"I feel good, like a little boy in a candy store," Hagler said.

In this candy store, to be sure, there are Sibson and Fletcher, Benitez or Hearns, but there is no sugar sweeter than Ray. Whatever Leonard decides next week, he is making no end of mischief. One day last week in San Remo he approached Pat and teased him about the difference between his 147-pound welterweight limit and Hagler's 160-pound middleweight maximum. "I can fight beautiful at 155!" Leonard said.

All of this gives Pat reason for hope. "Oh, we are conservatively looking for something around $10 or $12 million to fight Leonard," he says. "We can struggle with those numbers. Sugar Ray will receive $20 million."

At the party following the fight, Pat reported that Leonard leaned over to him a final time and said, "I wasn't going to fight again, but my eyes are perfect. I want that one big fight with Marvin Hagler. Be there on the ninth."

"I love it," said Pat. **END**



. . . which Leonard's decision could alter.

Fighting Back As A Weekend Warrior

San Diego's Bill Walton is treading lightly as he tries again to return to the NBA **by ANTHONY COTTON**

The most memorable aspect of Bill Walton's return to the NBA did not occur last Friday night, when in his first league game since March 11, 1980 he seored 20 points, had nine rebounds and blocked two shots in 28 minutes as his San Diego Clippers lost 113–99 to the Phoenix Suns. No, the moment to remember came the next day, as the Clippers shot free throws in a small gym on the North Island Naval Air Station in nearby Coronado. Except for Walton. He huddled on the sideline with Coach Paul Silas and Assistant Coach-Director of Player Personnel Pete Babcock. In Silas' hand was a Clippers' schedule, in Babcock's was an airline flight guide, which to the Clippers may be more important than their playbook.

In truth, the latter is dependent upon the former, which is why Silas and the Clippers have allowed Walton to begin his umpteenth comeback from foot injuries by commuting on weekends from his second-year classes at Stanford law school to wherever San Diego is playing. Walton plans to play this Saturday night in Chicago—hence the huddle to discuss flights. A week later there's a home game against Kansas City. The Clippers are taking it one week at a time. Which is all you can do when you finish 17–65, as San Diego did last season, and your owner spent most of the off-season trying to move the franchise.

When the league nixed owner Donald Sterling's plan to shift the Clippers to L.A., he instituted a number of cost-cutting measures. Among them was practicing in Coronado. So what if the gym only has two baskets, the Clippers could use it free of charge. Before the start of training camp, each player was issued one practice jersey, one pair of shorts, two jockstraps and four pairs of socks.

Without the presence of first-round draft choice Terry Cummings, the 6′ 9″ former DePaul All-America who is playing with Athletes In Action, and until the arrival of Guards Lionel Hollins and Randy Smith, who joined San Diego last week, the Clippers were in need of any bodies, which brings us to Walton. "Initially I was hardly overjoyed about having him once a week," Silas says, "but the more I thought about it, the more sense it made."

"The guys have been very, very good to me about this," Walton says. "It's not the most perfect situation, but given my track record, it's more sensible than anything else."

Heraclitus said "nothing endures but change," and perhaps Walton and his doctors, Ernie Vandeweghe and Tony Daly, had that in mind last summer when they broached the limited-time idea with the Clippers. Since January of 1981, when the bone structure in Walton's left foot was surgically reshaped to alleviate stress on the navicular bone, Walton has had only four well-spaced appearances against NBA-caliber players. In the fourth of those, the first of San Diego's two preseason games in mid-October, Walton scored 13 points and had 10 rebounds in 26 minutes against the Suns. With that lone exhibition appearance and three practice sessions under his belt, Walton was nonetheless in the starting lineup Friday night.

And although he and the Clippers talk at prearranged times, it's really more like catch as catch can, mainly because, as Walton says, "there are no phones in the library." Which is just fine with Silas. "Talking with him regularly doesn't concern me as much as him being ready to play," says Silas. "If he can only play once a week I don't see much sense in having him around all the time anyway."



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY HAYT

The weekend arrangement isn't unprecedented. In 1962, the Lakers' Elgin Baylor was called to active duty with the Army Reserve. Baylor maintained his 38-points-per-game average playing mainly on weekends, but even he had problems.

In his first game as a part-timer, he scored 32 points and got nine rebounds in the West's 150–130 All-Star game victory. "My shooting was O.K. and I didn't get tired," Baylor said after the game, "but when I tried to make a move or to dribble, my timing was way off."



Walton was feeling no pain after getting 20 points and nine rebounds in 28 minutes.

Other NBA players have had weekend-warrior status, among them Lenny Wilkens, now coach of the Seattle SuperSonics. Unlike Baylor, Wilkens, then (1961) a guard with the Hawks, was an officer and couldn't easily get away from Fort Lee, Va. "I was assigned to troop duty," says Wilkens, whose Sonics beat the Walton-less Clippers 127–109 Sunday night. "In the morning I did running and calisthenics in addition to working out with the post team. I played one game a weekend for the Hawks, maybe two.

"But travel was the big problem. I had to fly to St. Louis after a day on the base and then play the next night. My situation was totally different from Walton's. My team had already played 20 games before I came back. Plus, he's trying to work his way back from injuries."

Right now, the other Clippers are too awestricken by Walton to be resentful. Says Forward Michael Brooks, "Everyone plays so much better with him. It's nice to be with someone who's been an All-Pro and MVP instead of watching him play with someone else."

"It would help if he played more, but somehow he manages to blend in with us," says 6′ 10″ Jerome Whitehead, whose floor time is most drastically affected by Walton's walk-ons.

During the week, Walton balances his law books with the playbook. Despite a course load that includes antitrust and tax law as well as classes in business associations and U.S.-Mexico relations, each day Walton finds about three hours to bicycle, lift weights, run and shoot alone in a gym at Stanford.

"If playing intramurals at Stanford were the only level I could attain, I'd do it because I love the game," he says, "but I think that I can play again in the NBA. Right now, no matter how much I want to be out there, I have to be in control if I'm going to reduce the chances of reinjuring myself. [Walton's injuries, it should be recalled, were caused not by a single trauma but by the general wear and tear of playing in the pros.] I want this to work out more than anyone, so I'm doing all I can to ensure that it does happen and not fly away with the wind. I don't even think about the teams we'll be playing. The opportunity to play against everyone will come. At this point the bigger challenge is just being in any game.

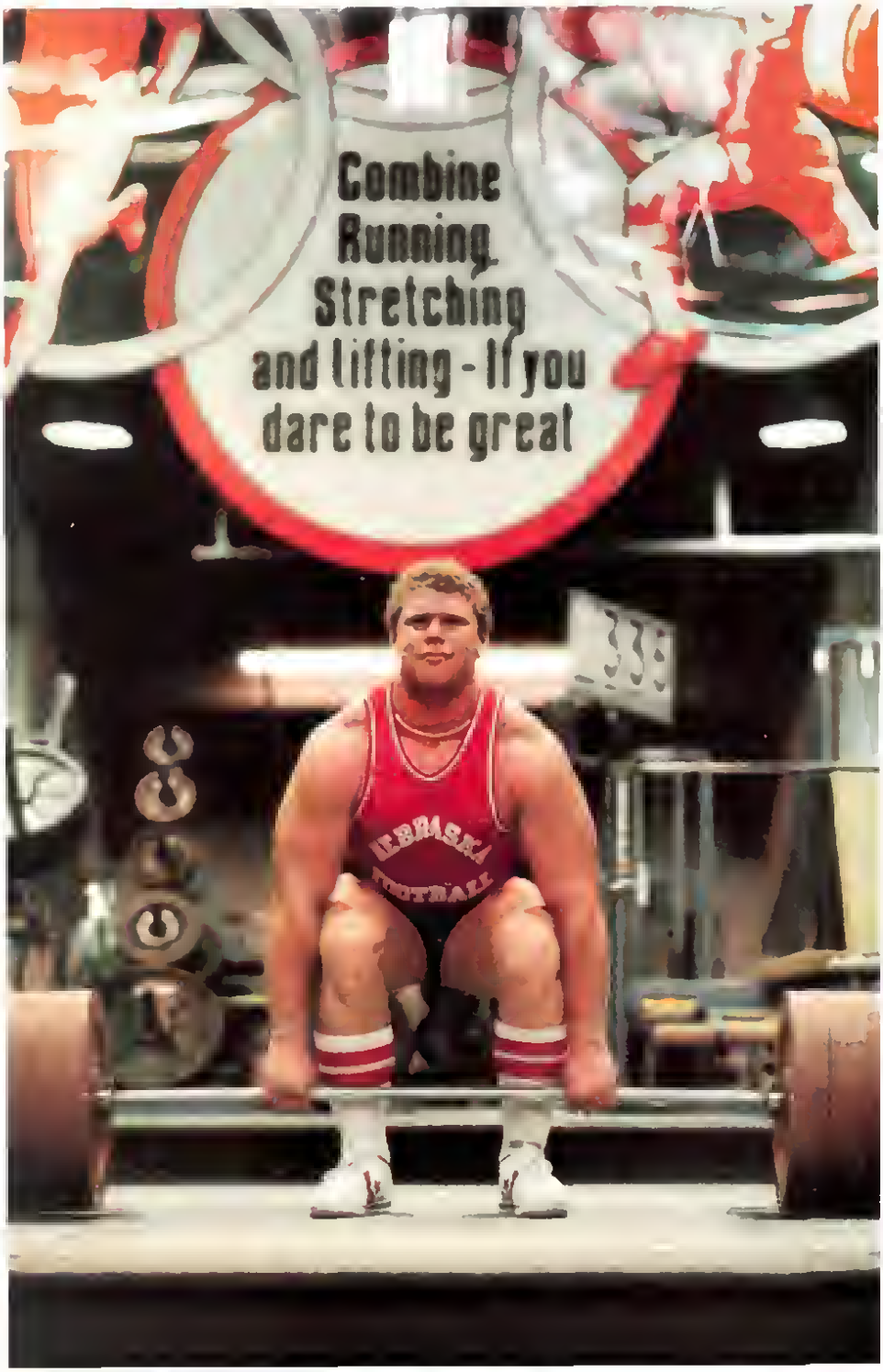
"There are moments when everything's clicking and the team is falling into place, moments that you just live for. It's all eye contact. You have plays but everything done is split-second improvisation, and it's just by reading eyes."

The tone for Walton's latest return was set a minute and a half into the game when he blocked a shot by Alvan Adams but was called for goaltending. He picked up two quick fouls and sat out the remainder of the half with his third at 1:25 of the first period.

Walton started the third quarter, with the Suns ahead 58–45, and immediately scored on a short jump hook and a layup. A short time later he was officially welcomed back into the NBA when he was floored by an inadvertent Brooks elbow on a blind-side pick. For a moment Walton remained on the floor, seemingly stunned, but the blow only inspired him. He legally blocked his first shot at 9:06 of the quarter and the Clippers went on a tear to tie at 77 after three periods.

However, Walton was dragging noticeably late in the final period, as were Smith and Hollins, who led the Clippers' backcourt men in minutes played, with 48 and 25, respectively. The fact that the three had only a nodding acquaintance with San Diego's plays also showed as the Suns pulled away at the finish. Still, afterward, in the loser's locker room, there was a sense that the nightmare of a year ago had begun to dissipate.

Perhaps for one man it already had. Walton's first semester at Stanford ends in mid-December. Although the idea is for his once-a-week schedule to become twice a week and then full-time, whether he enrolls for the second term at law school depends on the progress he makes in his comeback. He refuses to speculate on the issue. After emerging from the shower room, Walton, his oft-injured foot apparently no worse for wear, waded through a mass of journalists waiting for him in front of his locker. Leaning back in his stall, Walton smiled. "It's nice to see all you guys again," he said. END



Rimington can squat 650 pounds, bench-press 435 and jump 29.5 inches off the ground.

A Man Of Heft Who's Also Deft

Nebraska Center Dave Rimington is Outlandishly good, partly because he's willing to accept big burdens

by TERRY TODD

A perfect football center would be a man of many, sometimes seemingly contradictory, parts. He would have, for example, exceptional quickness. His time in the 40-yard dash might or might not be very fast, but his first few steps would be. He would be large, as in LARGE—larger, in fact, than almost all of the men he would face. His range would be such that he could make blocks beyond the reach of ordinary linemen. An ability to explode—to apply his full strength with great suddenness—would be essential. His understanding of the strategy of a play and of that play inside the game plan would be thorough and swift, as would his ability to translate that under-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

standing, without hesitation, into action. His endurance—muscular, cardiovascular and, so to speak, emotional—would allow him to bring his best self to every play in every game. And his desire to dominate and overcome his opponents would be unflagging. In short, as well as in tall and in broad, he would be a man very much like Dave Rimington of the University of Nebraska.

Only two men besides Rimington have won the Outland Trophy, awarded annually to the best college lineman, in their junior season, and they failed to repeat as seniors. Guard Zeke Smith of Auburn was the recipient in 1958 but lost out to Tackle Mike McGee of Duke in 1959, and Defensive End Ross Browner of Notre Dame won in 1976 but was unseated by Defensive Tackle Brad Shearer of Texas in 1977. The Outland is now in its 37th year, and many observers feel that the 6′ 3″, 292-pound Rimington is at least an even bet to be the first to win successive trophies. However, he isn't the first Cornhusker to win the Outland Trophy; Defensive Tackle Larry Jacobson brought it to Lincoln in 1971 and Middle Guard Rich Glover kept it there in 1972.

If Rimington is able to give Nebraska its second back-to-back Outlands, it will be the result, at least in part, of his attitude toward the award. "It was a big surprise to me, winning the Outland last year," he says, "and I do admit to being proud of it. But one thing I've learned about this season is that the Outland won't make the plays for me. I've got to make the plays for the Outland. I've got to keep all this attention in perspective and realize that if I don't keep my focus on football the reason for the attention in the first place will be long gone. So I'm just going to concentrate on snapping, blocking and helping Nebraska win. I'll let the Outland business take care of itself."

But even with this approach, repeating won't be easy. The attention directed at Rimington this season and the pressure on him created by it have a combined effect that is hard to overestimate. Take, for example, the Penn State game on Sept. 26. Not only was the game televised and thereby rendered More Important, but it was also between two unbeaten teams, both of which had designs on the national championship. Before the game, Rimington was besieged by questions about Penn State, about the state of his left knee, which he had injured both in 1978 and '81, and, of course, about the Outland. As he warmed up for the game, he was surrounded by at least 20 photographers. Rimington feels that this plus the almost deafening conditions down on the field caused him to be overanxious and to make a few uncharacteristic errors—mainly snapping the ball too early to Quarterback Turner Gill—that were scrupulously pointed out in accounts of the game. Rimington regained his composure in the second half and played, according to his coaches, up to his usual dominant standard.

Then a few days after the game, which Penn State won 27–24, and which remains the only blot on the Cornhuskers' record, Charlie McBride, Nebraska's defensive coordinator, was contacted by a state radio station. In the ensuing interview McBride was critical of Rimington's play. The result of McBride's broadcast comments was that a rumor of Rimington's imminent benching was started, and when the wire services got wind of the rumor, it became national news. A day later McBride apologized to Rimington personally and repeated the apology to a reporter for the Omaha *World-Herald*. Head Coach Tom Osborne also made it clear that he had never even *thought* of benching his center. But episodes such as this are attritional; they rust the soul and thus increase the difficulty Rimington will have in his quest to win his second Outland.

Rimington's eminence has created the additional problem of causing some officials who have seen his game films to wonder if he might be shading the rules by holding. He seems to control most opposing linemen so easily that he *must* be holding, even when the infraction isn't apparent. But those who best know Rim-

continued



Rimington is so highly regarded that when he erred against Penn State it became national news.

ington's technique and his strength say he simply doesn't need to hold. Apparently the only way he holds defensive linemen is as in abeyance. Proof: With officials paying him special attention Rimington has been called for holding only one time this season.

Which is just another reason Rimington is regarded so highly by those men who know football well. "The Lord was good to that boy, but Dave has done his share of work, too," says Clete Fischer, Nebraska's offensive line coach. "He blows holes in the line you could send the backs through three abreast. He just annihilates people. Pass or drive block, he can do it all."



Rimington, 292 pounds, is scarfing his way toward 300.

Adds Osborne: "His combined physical skills are the greatest I've seen on any lineman, ever. And his game sense is excellent. He makes offensive line calls on between 50 percent and 60 percent of our plays, giving audibles within audibles. He's as quick with his mind as he is with his feet."

Perhaps the most telling comments of all about Rimington were made recently in the living room of a large home in McMurray, a suburb of Pittsburgh. Those present included Steve Courson, the young right guard for the Steelers; Jon Kolb, the former Pittsburgh offensive tackle who now serves his team as the defensive line and conditioning coach; and Mike Webster, of the Steelers, considered by many to be the NFL's premier center. Any list of the 10 strongest men in pro football history would include these three. The room was dark and the clicking of an 8 mm film projector could be heard, but neither Marilyn Chambers, John Holmes nor any of their skinfolk were anywhere to be seen. Instead, the several films featured the mighty offense of Nebraska, which features the mighty Husker offensive line, which features the mighty Rimington. Listen.

Courson: "Run that back. My God, what a surge." General laughter.

Webster: "He's just so quick. It's hard to believe he weighs 290. He's quick for 220, much less 290."

Kolb: "Did you see how he squared himself against his man? That's just right. Just how we teach it."

Webster: "He reads so well. He never hesitates on a block. He seems to instinctively take his man the right way, whether it's left or right, high or low. Did you see how he took that tackle out? He hit the guy so low and fast he hurt him. I don't think the tackle saw Rimington coming. It's amazing. Run that back. He looks like he's offsides he's so quick."

Kolb: "He uses his hands really well, too. Look at that. Run that back. He's using his hands the way the pros do. He's well coached. Some of the colleges use the pro blocking techniques now—they teach a lineman to lock the other guy out with his arms—to punch out, lock the arms and drive the man back like he was bench-pressing him. Rimington's really strong upstairs, you can tell it."

Kolb: "One thing he'll need to do a little different, I think, is to take his man a little lower on the body. He's so strong compared to those college kids that he can get away with being high now. I think he'll need to hit a little lower and lift in the pros. But maybe he's so big he'll be able to get away with it up here, too. He's such a complete player that it seems picky to even mention it, but I think he'll adjust easily to the stronger men in the pros by blocking a little lower."

Webster: "Don't forget how young he is, John. He's just a baby as far as strength potential is concerned. He can bench-press as much as I could squat when I came up. Think what he'll do when he is 28."

Courson: "Run that back. I love to watch him bulldoze those guys."

Webster: "Down goes more tall timber." General laughter. "You know the only adjustment I think he'll need to make will be to learn when to choke his motor back. We sometimes switch off and take on two or three men in the same play, and you have to bank your fire and not really plow into the first guy, or you'll never complete your assignment. Most times he'll need to explode right at first, and other times he'll need to hold back a bit. But he's got the skills to handle it all. Run that back."

Courson: "Goodby!" General laughter. "I've never seen a college player dominate like that. He drove his man six or eight yards up the field on that play. Run that back."

Webster: "I think if anyone will be an automatic first-round draft choice he'll be the one. He's the kind of a guy a whole offensive line could be built around. I honestly don't think you'll see a man with his combined abilities come along more than once every 10 to 15 years. He could play any position in the line, but he's a natural center and that's where I'm sure he'll play. If I owned a team I would mortgage the farm to get a guy like that. Run that back."

Courson: "Timber!" More general laughter.

The object of this lavish praise was born in Omaha on May 22, 1960 to Emile and Barbara Rimington. Emile is an improbably small man to have such an im-

continued

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mense son—5′ 7″ and 140 pounds—but he was always doughty and strong for his size. He worked for 32 years in a meatpacking plant before retiring in 1977 to open a neighborhood grocery. The genes that gave Dave his size most likely came from his paternal grandmother, Pearl, who stood 5′ 8″ and weighed 185, and his mother, Barbara, who arrived in the U.S. from her native England in 1954 and is 5′ 7½″ and 200 pounds. Her brother, Albert, a 6′ 3″ former semipro soccer player, played at 260 pounds. The Rimingtons raised their four children—Dave, Dennis, Diane and Douglas—in the south end of Omaha, and they had to work hard to do it. The boys were always heavy feeders.



Even while he maintains a 3.25 average, Rimington is able to find the time to horse around.

"Oh, but that Dave could eat," recalls 26-year-old Dennis, a 235-pounder who served as Dave's role model in matters both athletic and dietetic. "He was always a fairly tall kid but never built very big until he got near the end of the ninth grade. He actually wrestled in ninth grade at 167 pounds, but he began to lift and gain weight after the wrestling season was over. I was just getting out of high school then and he'd been fooling around with the weights, and I remember he threw me one day in our living room. So I thought I'd better start training, too. We'd work out in the garage and we were pretty even in strength, with me being in the lead at first and Dave trying to catch me. By the time he was a senior he weighed about 240 and could lift 300 pounds over his head."

Dave remembers those days with affection; he almost seems to yearn for those less demanding times. "I was lucky to have a brother like Dennis," he says, "and I really owe him a lot. He was my inspiration. He was an excellent high school football player, but small. I know that with weights he could have played college ball, but he got married right out of high school and now he's got four kids. I don't know if I'd have stayed on the weights without him there to motivate me. He used to love to make a heavy lift and then look over at me and say, 'Well, are you going to let an old married man with kids outlift you?' "

"We both really gained from that," says Dennis, "but Dave especially. He used to love steak, and after my dad bought the store Dave would go down there late in the evenings and get a big hunk of meat and bring it home and cook it. Having a grocery store of your own wasn't too bad a deal."

But many things were far from satisfactory at the store, which Emile had bought with his lump-sum retirement pay from the packing plant. "Dad used to put in 80 hours every week," Dennis recalls, "but he was making less than he could've made working for wages. And the store was in a fairly rough neighborhood and he had some trouble. I was down there one night and I caught a young guy making a long-distance call on my dad's phone. I told him he'd have to leave, and he threatened to come back with his army. And sure enough before long he did come back, and he had two guys with him. He began mouthing off to me and pulled a knife. By then Dave was there, but I didn't think the guy would do anything but talk. Suddenly he lunged at me and cut my head, and Dave grabbed him and began whaling away. I went for the other two guys and they pulled knives, too, but they finally turned and ran. Dave's guy was out by that time, and then the police came and we cleaned everything up. Right after that happened our dad sold the store, and we're all glad he did."

Dave was dead game on the football field as well, and he was heavily recruited. But, living in Cornhusker country, he never really considered leaving home. "I was really hooked on the weights by my senior year," Rimington says, "and I knew Nebraska had a great tradition and a big weight room. The choice was easy. I've just kept on hitting the weights, eating all the steak I can afford and trying to gain good weight. I've put on a little over 50 pounds since I was a freshman, and I'd like to eventually top out somewhere around 300. I think I can carry it because I will be gaining it slowly. And I know the extra weight will make me stronger. It always has."

Boyd Epley directs the strength and conditioning complex at Nebraska, and he has kept records on the development of every varsity athlete for a decade or so. "When Dave first came he weighed 235 pounds and he ran a 5.35 40," Epley says. "He had a high level of strength for a freshman. He was way ahead of some of our other top recruits. He benched 340

continued



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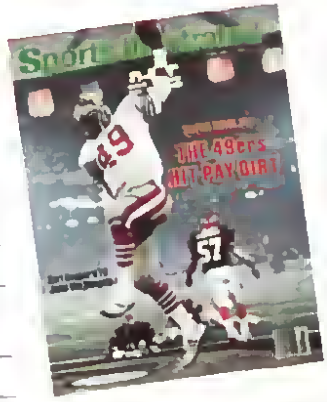
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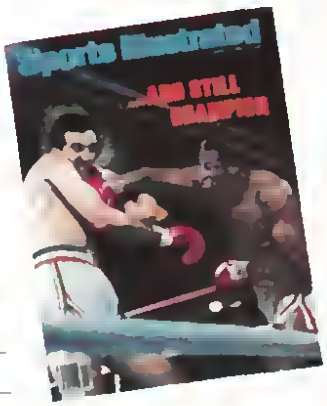
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Lisa has learned that her sizable husband can sure make waves around the house.

and squatted 405 on his first test day, and he did a 24-inch vertical jump. He was redshirted his first year because of that knee injury, so he's been on our program for more than four years. He's up in weight to between 290 and 295; he can bench 435 pounds, squat 650, run the 40 in 5.05 and vertical-jump 29.5 inches. He's an inspiration to our younger players because they know that, if the weights helped Dave add 50 pounds of muscle and lower his time in the 40 and improve his vertical jump by 5.5 inches, the weights will help them, too. Dave doesn't carry much fat, only about 11 percent. For a man who weighs almost 300 pounds, that's amazingly low."

Rimington doesn't shy away from serving as a role model for Epley's cause. "I'm not doing all this for fun, you know, even though I do have fun doing it," he says. "I guess I'm addicted to the weights because if I miss a workout—even one—I feel as if I've lost something I can never recover. I feel unprepared if I miss even one exercise. I lose my confidence." Rimington is so dedicated to the heartland virtues of elbow grease and persistence that he spent an hour late one afternoon last summer pushing his car around an empty parking lot because the gym had been locked and he hadn't been able to do his leg and hip workout. "In fact I wish I had the time to really concentrate on powerlifting," Rimington says. "Maybe one day."

But that day won't likely come soon, because everyone who has seen what Rimington can do against major college defenses expects him to have a long and thunderous career in the NFL. He's well prepared for that in ways other than the physical. His major is economics, and he no doubt will repeat as an Academic All-America. His 3.25 grade point average is sufficiently high to have persuaded his professors to recommend him for a scholarship to graduate school, which will allow him to come back to Lincoln between pro seasons and work on a master's in business administration in preparation for someday becoming the owner of a fitness center.

"I support the players in their basic position on the strike," says Rimington, "even though I guess their actions may wind up costing me some money. But I think they're right. It's absurd that a lot of first- or second-year average running backs are making more than linemen who've been in the league and starting for six or eight or 10 years."

If NFL management blanches at Rimington's economic theorizing, it can be heartened by the fact that at 22 Rimington is as mature emotionally as he is physically. He has been married to the former Lisa Shaw since July 1981. They live in an apartment in Lincoln and Lisa, who is a senior in marketing at Nebraska, works as a waitress.

Yet, for all his maturity and dedication, Rimington's personality is almost playful, like that of a year-old St. Bernard. His beefeater complexion turns redder still and he laughs easily as he recalls stories such as the one in which he plopped down so heavily on a water bed that Lisa was washed overboard by the resultant tsunami.

But Lisa certainly isn't alone in being carried away by something her husband has done. If he continues gouging great gaps in various defensive formations and keeping his quarterback's jersey clean the remaining four games this season, it will be a surprise if he fails to receive the same acclaim he got last year. His ability as a lineman is, after all, best described in one word—Outlandish. **END**



Weight training has added 50 pounds to Rimington's body and cut his 40 time to 5.05.

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WBA junior welterweight titleholder Aaron Pryor has everything in order in the ring, but outside of it, his life is a mess **by PAT PUTNAM**

The Champion Of Confusion



When the strike of a hawk breaks the body of its prey, it is because of the timing.

—SUN TZU
The Art of War (500 B.C.)

What every boy should be taught before he first laces on a pair of boxing gloves is that a championship isn't an automatic pass to love and respect. They'll gird you with a championship belt, but if a boxer is to gain a greater esteem, he must earn it outside the ring. That has been a lesson harshly learned by Aaron Pryor, the WBA junior welterweight champion.

That he is the most exciting fighter in the world is without question. He hammers away at opponents in frenetic three-minute bursts until nothing upright remains to be hammered. As an amateur, the Hawk, as the 27-year-old Pryor is called, won all but 16 of 220 fights. Fifty of those never got past the first round. As a pro he is 31–0, with 29 knockouts, the last 23 in succession.

Pryor's life-style outside the ring is, unfortunately, as confusing and destructive as his tactics within it. Pryor hungers for love and respect, but he trusts no one, so he goes unnourished. And in his zigzagging wake is the debris of people he easily embraced, and just as easily abandoned. His first wife divorced him, his second shot him. He recently lost a paternity suit and gained a son. He changes lawyers and promoters the way Liberace changes clothes. In his entourage seniority can be gained in a few weeks, and lost in a wink. He recently tried to fire his manager, Buddy LaRosa, for the fourth—or maybe it was the 40th—time.

A few weeks ago at the Great Gorge Americana Hotel in McAfee, N.J., where Pryor was training for his Nov. 12 defense against WBC lightweight champion Alexis Arguello, Pryor wondered why anyone would care about his personal life. "They write that I had a pack of lawyers," he said. "It was like three or four.

continued

Pryor, who will meet Arguello Nov. 12, has won all 31 bouts, the last 23 by knockouts.


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Disappears rather quickly, doesn't it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE



Though wife Theresa shot Pryor, it's Leonard who seemingly has hurt him the most.

Anyway, whose business is it but mine? And people say I had a pack of promoters. I only had two: Madison Square Garden and Don King."

And a group formed by Cincinnati businessman Bob Elkus, and LaRosa, and Don Elbaum, and Harold Smith, and now Bob Arum.

"And I've always fulfilled my obligations," Pryor went on. "I do what I'm supposed to do. But I'm not obligated to one man for the rest of my life."

Pryor was born out of wedlock in Cincinnati on Oct. 20, 1955. Subsequently, his mother, Sarah Adams, married a man named Pryor, and Aaron took his stepfather's name. "Look," says Harold Weston, the Madison Square Garden matchmaker, "I've known Aaron a long time and he's a very warm, nice guy. But his whole world has always been right out there on the street corner. People look at Ray Leonard and say, 'Gee, he's got class.' But they look at Aaron Pryor and say, 'Christ, why does he act like that?' It's not his fault. It's the way he was brought up. He's reaching out for love and attention and so he does crazy things to get them."

Pryor would have you believe that his life began at age 13, the day he first walked into a gym. But at Great Gorge he cracked open the door to his earlier years. "I had four brothers and two sisters," he said, "but I had a different father from the others. I was the kid nobody paid any attention to. I was neglected and completely lost. Some nights I just said to hell with it and slept in a doorway somewhere. Wasn't anything at home for me anyway."

He was roaming the streets in 1968 when he wandered into a gym at the corner of 14th and Republic. Phil Smith, who trained amateur fighters, remembers, "He was just a scrawny little thing, but he said he wanted to be a boxer. I told Aaron to get in with a kid named John Howard. I wanted to see what Aaron had. Well, Howard knocked him out of the ring. But Aaron climbed back and took off after Howard. I knew I had something special.

"I never wanted him to knock anybody out. He was a beautiful boxer, beautiful moves, but he just couldn't help it, he kept knocking guys out. I told him, 'Aaron, if you keep knocking all these guys out you'll only get fights in the tournaments when they can't avoid you.' He was a great little kid, he really was. His only problems are girls and telling time."

Later Smith moved his boxers to Lincoln Center in downtown Cincinnati. "Our first night there some kid who had fought in the Golden Gloves the year before challenged Aaron," says Smith. "I told them, 'No, that's honky-tonk stuff. We don't need that in the gym.' So they went outside. Five minutes later Aaron came in. The supervisor came over and said, 'Hey, what's going on? One of your kids just beat up a guy outside.' So I told Aaron, 'Hey, cut that stuff out. You can go to jail for that.' Right then he quit street fighting altogether."

Frankie Sims was once Pryor's best friend, roommate and assistant trainer. "Aaron loves a challenge," Sims says. "I remember the time a girl where we lived was locked out of her apartment on the fourth floor, but she had left one of her windows open. To get up there you had to climb between two pillars and then swing over to reach a window. I went up but said there was no way I was going to let go of that pillar to swing to the window. So Aaron went up. I kept yelling for him to get down because if he fell he'd sure as hell break something. He yelled down, 'I'll be O.K. if you just let me alone.' Sure enough, he got in the window. It was just something he wanted to do because it was a challenge."

As Pryor's amateur career flourished, he was offered the challenge of international competition. His first trip was to Moscow. He had to lie about his age, change it from 16 to 17 to qualify. As an opponent he drew Valery Solomin, then rated No. 1 in the world at 132 pounds. The 29-year-old Solomin was considerably taller than the 5′ 6″ Pryor and had had more than 300 fights with a 90% knockout ratio. During one round Solomin forced Pryor into a corner and fired a volley of 20 punches, all of which missed their bobbing and weaving target. The crowd stood and gave Pryor an ovation. He won the fight.

This is the contradiction in Pryor's life: erratic, antisocial behavior outside the ring and professionalism inside it. Rollie Schwartz, who supervised many of the U.S. teams' trips abroad, has followed Pryor's career almost from its start. "I've heard all the stories about him," says Schwartz. "But I have a great feeling for him because he represented the United States 21 times in international competition, always with honor and dignity. And he won all but one fight, and in that one he got shafted."

When Pryor was 16, Schwartz introduced him to Elkus, the owner of Dino's, a men's clothing store in Cincinnati. Along with his father, Max, Elkus had managed heavyweight champion Ezzard

continued

Charles. Elkus gave Pryor a job in the stockroom of his store and later made him a salesman.

"I had nothing but good dealings with Aaron," says Elkus. "Unfortunately, he's his own worst enemy. He isn't a bad kid, and he's a kid even though he's 27. I don't think Cincinnatians look at him as a professional athlete. I think they look at him as a kid from the ghetto who had the gall to say, 'I'm going to turn down a $500,000 offer to fight Ray Leonard.' Now they like to hear that Aaron had a paternity suit, that his attorney sued him, that he fired his business manager, that he doesn't want Buddy LaRosa in his corner anymore. But all that doesn't mean anything. The guy can fight. Aaron has his minuses, but he has a lot of pluses you never hear about."



LaRosa, who made millions selling pizza, wanted to be the big mozzarella with Pryor.

In 1976 it was a given that Pryor would make the U.S. Olympic team in the 132-pound class. The Trials were held in his hometown. Then Howard Davis decided to move up from the 125-pound division, and he defeated Pryor 3–2 in the finals. He beat Pryor again by the same score in a boxoff at the Olympic training camp in Burlington, Vt. There are those who'll say that because of unbridled off-hours behavior, Pryor was penciled out of the decision. "We had one Leon Spinks to deal with," admits a U.S. boxing official, "and we sure didn't need another."

"There's no doubt," Schwartz says, "that if Aaron had been an Olympian, he would have won the gold medal."

Instead, Pryor, without the Olympic fanfare, turned pro on Nov. 12, 1976, making $400 for knocking out former kick boxer Larry Smith in the second round. Davis became a professional two months later. He earned $250,000 for decisioning an inept José Resto. The difference, Pryor noted, was $249,600.

A few days later Pryor joined up with LaRosa, the owner of a chain of pizza parlors and a Cincinnati sports entrepreneur, by signing a three-year personal-services contract with a one-year option. Pryor's winnings would be split 50-50, and LaRosa would pay all the expenses. Then LaRosa hired Pryor as a sports consultant for his business. He paid him $125 a week to start.

"I was warned he would be trouble," says LaRosa. "But I thought I could straighten him out using a combination of love and discipline, reward and punishment. I knew the kid could fight."

LaRosa brought in Elbaum, a veteran promoter, as an adviser, and Pryor worked his way through a string of kids with soft chins and old-timers looking for a payday. It wasn't until Pryor's 22nd fight, in which he earned $10,000 for stopping Julio Valdez on CBS, that LaRosa finally made a claim for his 50% of the purse. "That's when the first tiny signs of trouble between Aaron and me showed up," LaRosa says.

Two fights later, after stopping Leonidas Asprilla and knocking out Carl Crowley, Pryor signed with Harold Smith, the L.A. promoter who soon would be arrested for his role in a Wells Fargo Bank embezzlement scam. "Aaron had just three problems," says LaRosa. "Sugar. Ray. Leonard. He's obsessed with Leonard and said it was my fault because he wasn't like him. But I'll admit Harold Smith came through."

Smith lined up a $50,000 payday against Antonio Cervantes, the WBA junior welterweight champion, for Pryor on Aug. 2, 1980. It was a typical Pryor fight. Cervantes dropped him with a beautiful right in the first round, but hardly had Pryor touched the deck when he was up and trying to get around the referee, who was still counting, to get at Cervantes. Pryor knocked him out in the fourth round to win the title.

"That's when our problems got real bad," says LaRosa. "After Aaron won the title, he demanded the books. His second wife, Theresa, took them over. She's a very intelligent, capable lady, and I figured we were a team again. But Aaron wasn't satisfied. He never is. He has an insatiable lust for fame, for respect; he's got to be like Leonard. He'd throw a magazine at me, yelling, '*He's* on the cover.' I'd say, 'Aaron, you have to wait. All you have is a junior title.' "

Once at a boxing dinner Pryor lambasted Leonard for not helping him on his rise to the title. Leonard took him aside and said in essence, "Hey, man, nobody helped me either."

Smith, meanwhile, was working on a $250,000 fight against Saoul Mamby, then the WBC junior welterweight champ, to unify the title. But Theresa got to Pryor first and shot him in the midst of a quarrel. The bullet, a .22, went through his right forearm, grazed his chest and wound up in his coat pocket. Later, Theresa said she had shot him because she loved him, and they later reconciled. Pryor told LaRosa that the incident was LaRosa's fault, because he tried to mediate their domestic problems.

continued

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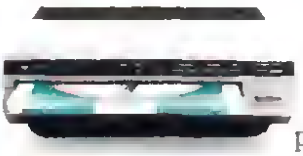
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By now Wells Fargo had caught up with Smith, and the Mamby fight was canceled. The next thing LaRosa heard, while watching the television news, was that Pryor had fired him. Pryor had also replaced his attorney of the moment.

"Aaron, what are you doing?" LaRosa asked. "I've got a contract for you to fight Roberto Duran for $750,000."

"No, I don't want to fight him. My new attorney told me not to sign anything until you and I work out a new contract." So much for the firing of LaRosa.

By the time they worked out a new agreement, the chance to fight Duran—and the $750,000 payday—was gone. The new contract covered six years, LaRosa's share was cut to one-third and he no longer had any ancillary rights. Expenses were to come off the top.

"The ink wasn't even dry on the damn contract," says LaRosa, "when I found out Aaron had signed a one-year promotional contract with Don King, who was going to give him a $100,000 bonus. Then King sent me the contract to sign. I told Aaron it was a mistake, but if that was what he wanted, then I'd sign.

"Aaron said, 'But King is going to get me a Duran fight, a Mamby fight, because he's got Duran and Mamby.'

" 'Aaron,' I said, 'we had a Duran fight, but you didn't want it.' "

Pryor's partnership with King lasted only three fights. In the first, in June of 1981, he stopped Lennox Blackmoore in two. The following November he beat Dujuan Johnson in seven.

It was just before the Johnson fight that LaRosa saved Pryor's life. In a rage, Pryor fired a friend from his entourage. "No problem," said the friend. But when the man showed up several days later at the Findlay Street Neighborhood House, a community center where Pryor was working out, Pryor ordered him from the building.

"Hey," said the former friend, "this is a public building, and I just came in to watch you work out."

At that point Pryor ordered two of his bodyguards, both black belts in karate, to evict the man. A few hours later, word was spread that the man was gunning for Pryor. The following morning LaRosa picked up Pryor and seven others to do roadwork. Just as they had finished their run and were returning to LaRosa's car the now irate former friend drove up. Hand in his coat pocket, the man began to curse Pryor. The sparring partners turned and ran. But LaRosa went up and put his hand on the man's arm.

"Get your hands off me, Buddy," the man said.

"Look," pleaded LaRosa, hanging on, "you've got a wife and family. Don't do anything you'll be sorry for later."

LaRosa kept talking, and finally the man shrugged, returned to his car and drove off. Later LaRosa said, "I think he was trying to taunt Aaron into swinging at him so he could shoot Aaron. God, I was never so scared in my life."

The final fight under King's aegis was last March, when Pryor beat Miguel Montilla. Then King, who had a renewal option, called LaRosa and Pryor's lawyer to New York. According to LaRosa, King was screaming. "I'd never seen him like that," LaRosa said. "He was yelling, 'You can have the son of a bitch. I've got too many fighters that don't cause me the grief and aggravation this kid causes me.' He signed the release." In King's view, Pryor's incessant demands for rooms, tickets, limousines, etc., were intolerable.

King has since tempered his opinion of Pryor. "He's an ingrate, but I like him," King says. "His problem is that he sees ghosts. He keeps looking into the past instead of the future. I know where he came from because I came from the same place. But I told him, 'You have to learn from your past.' He's without trust. I truly feel sorry for the young man and wish I could help him."

With King gone, Pryor signed for a mandatory defense against Akio Kameda of Japan last July. "We'll have to promote it ourselves," LaRosa told Pryor.

Pryor had other plans. Without telling LaRosa he signed a promotional contract with King's archrival, Arum, who agreed to handle the Kameda fight, a sure financial loser, in exchange for the right to promote the Arguello fight. Once more LaRosa went along.

Pryor stopped Kameda in the sixth round. Then LaRosa called Arum for a copy of the contract for the Arguello fight, so he could sign it. The parties had already agreed on a purse for Pryor of $1.6 million—Arguello is getting $1.5 million—and Arum was under orders from Pryor not to give LaRosa a copy of the contract. Arum told LaRosa's lawyer, Ken Seibel, the same thing. A few days later, LaRosa discovered that the contract called for a $1 million purse, in which he would share, plus $540,000 to be paid to Hawk Productions, a fight-promotion company, whose profits are not shared by LaRosa.

On Oct. 13, LaRosa filed suit in Hamilton (Ohio) County Common Pleas

continued



The one-two punch in Pryor's corner: trainers Panama Lewis (left) and Willie Davis.

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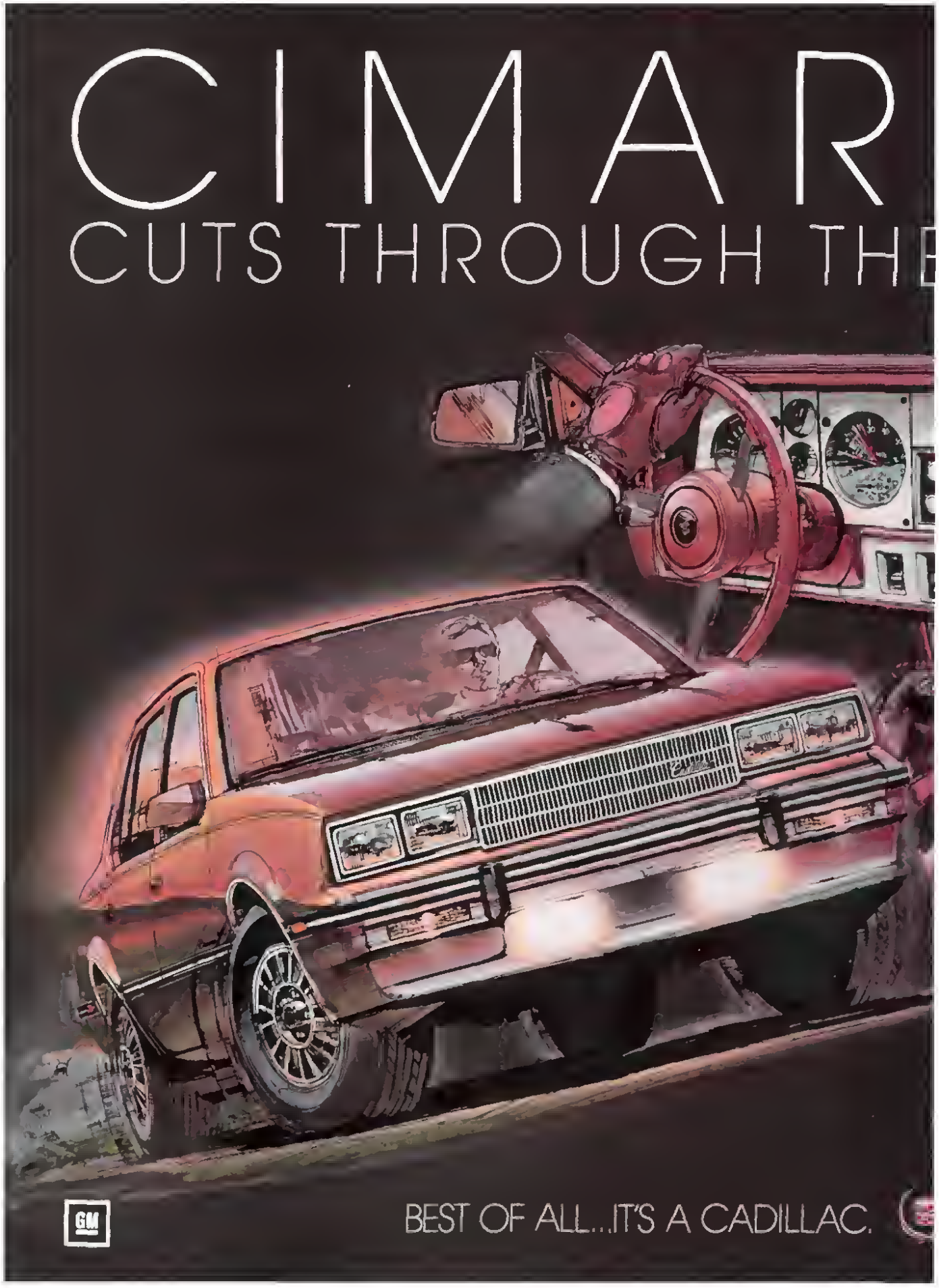
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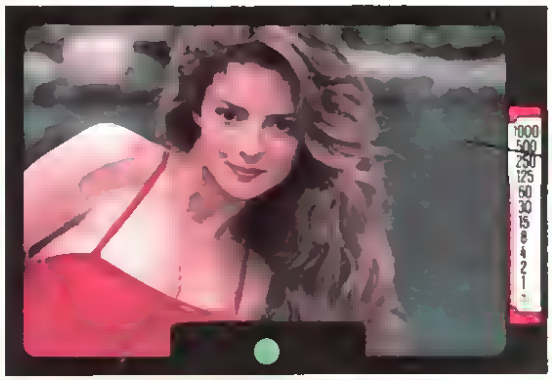
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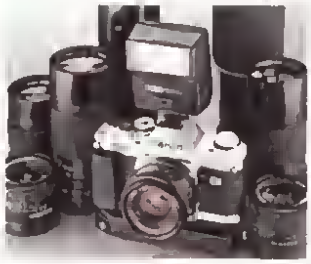
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Court to stop the fight or tie up Pryor's purse.

"It's not fair," says Pryor.

"It's stupid," says LaRosa, who is technically still Pryor's manager. "If Aaron had just brought me the contract I probably would have signed it."

The Hawk said he'd leave it up to the judge. So did the pizza man.

In his room at Great Gorge, Pryor thought about that and managed a smile. "What chance do you think the villain has in court?" he said. "It's like my fight with Arguello. I know he's going for his fourth title, but, remember, I'm defending *my* title. Still, they're making me the villain. They don't have to do that. I've been the villain all of my life.

"Look around you, you can see what they're doing. It's nice here, but it's cold. They have Alexis training out in Palm Springs. They got me in a little room where you can hardly fit in a ring. I'm training for the biggest fight of my career, and I'm surrounded by Ping-Pong players."

On a table in front of Pryor lay a copy of the September issue of *Cincinnati* magazine, the cover of which proclaimed in large yellow letters, AARON PRYOR DON'T GET NO RESPECT. The picture was of a group of fight fans laughing at a black fighter who had been cut off above the waist. No one had to guess that the fighter was intended to be Pryor.

"My hometown," Pryor said, smiling again, his new smile. One of Pryor's trademarks was a gold tooth. Recently he had it replaced by a white porcelain cap. His flashy wardrobe has been replaced by conservative suits, white shirts and striped ties. He carries a briefcase.

"It happens to everybody; you grow up," he said. "I can't be 17 forever. I'm 27. But people still look at me like I was a teen-ager. Recently I went to a press conference in New York with Alexis. I had on a nice suit, a white shirt and a tie. I looked nice. Sure! But some guy says to me, 'Where's your big hat?' I said, 'You want me to buy one to make you feel better?' I guess he thought all blacks wore big hats. Or maybe that I was one of the Spinks brothers.

"Look, I've got three sons, one by my first wife, one my second wife had before we were married and the one I just got in the paternity suit. I don't want them to go through what I did. I want them to have the love and compassion of a father. That's the important thing I missed. When I go home and shut the door they don't see me as a world champion. They recognize me as their father.

"I just wish the rest of the world would recognize me as a human being, too." END



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Pryor is one fighter who floats more like a fish than a butterfly. But as his KO victims can attest, he stings like a bee.



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Appleton's apple pie guy

Scott Reppert is a double All-America, both on the field and off it

by Jill Lieber

Scott Reppert, a hometown boy, stood high atop Union Hill at the southeastern corner of Lawrence University, a highly competitive, well-respected liberal arts college in Appleton, Wis. "This is my favorite place on earth," he said, regarding the glorious autumn foliage of the campus oaks, maples and walnuts.





Reppert makes lots of points with the ball and with special children.

"There's nothing better than fall in Wisconsin." Below him, the Fox River twisted past Youngchild Science Building, the fraternities and Russell Sage Hall—"where all the seniors and relevant people live," he said—on its way from Neenah and Menasha up to Kimberly, Kaukauna and Green Bay.

"That spot there is where we throw all the guys into the river right after they get engaged," said Reppert, Lawrence's two-time Little All-America running back, who led the NCAA's Division III in rushing the past two seasons and tied for the lead in scoring last year. Reppert is also an Academic All-America (3.0 GPA in psychology) and probably Lawrence's alltime best unofficial tour guide. He's one of the few people on the football team who was born and raised in Appleton. He has never lived anywhere else except for three months last winter when he studied in London.

Reppert pointed to the tall smokestack of the Fox Valley Paper Corp. and to the Allis-Chalmers plant on the opposite bank. "That's what Appleton's all about," he said. "The guys who work over there say *we're* on the wrong side of the river, and the administrators and professors say the gym and the stadium, which are over there, are on the wrong side of campus."

Reppert, though, is always on the right side of things. He is again leading Division III in rushing (210 carries for 1,126 yards, a 160.9 yards-per-game average), and is among the leaders in scoring (90 points) and kickoff returns (a 28.5-yard average). Last season, as a junior, he ran for 156.7 yards per game and scored 96 points. The year before, he had a 153-yard average. Never mind that he is 5′ 8″, 185. Reppert is quick and strong—he runs the 40 in 4.4 and bench-presses 360 pounds—and he has a keen sense of balance thanks to four years of varsity gymnastics at Appleton West High.

In a 54–0 win over the University of Chicago at Lawrence's homecoming on Saturday, Reppert carried the ball 40 times for 219 yards and scored twice to raise his career touchdown total to a school-record 45. He became the first Lawrence back to gain more than 1,000 yards in three straight seasons and now has 4,255 for his career.

But as busy as he has been running the football, Reppert has also found time to be active in civic affairs in Appleton. For the last five years he has worked almost daily in the orthopedic and special education departments at Highlands Elementary School, his old stomping ground. "The kids respond better to Scott than to anyone else," says Betsy Melzer, his supervisor at Highlands. "When he has them work with weights, they lift twice as much, because he's a football player."

"I remember one little girl," Reppert says. "Every day she'd come in, her eyes were spinning; she was drooling; food was on her mouth. And she always wanted a kiss. She just wanted to feel loved.

"Or Jim. One of his problems was echolalia. When I started with him five years ago, I'd say, 'Hi, I'm Scott.' And he'd say, 'Scott. Scott. Scott.' I'd try to break the echo by saying, 'I play football.' And he'd say, 'Yeah, football. Football. Football.' He got gradually worse. After the first year, he couldn't remember my name. The second year, he couldn't swim anymore. Today, he can't speak. He's just a little ball that quivers. He doesn't even know he's alive.

"The more success I have, the more I need Highlands. It helps me keep everything in perspective. So many of those kids have had operation after operation. And you know something? They bounce right back. And me? I complain if I don't do well in a football game."

Reppert has stayed close to his family, too. Though he's a member of Phi Delta Theta, he has lived at home—15 minutes from campus—since enrolling at Law-

continued

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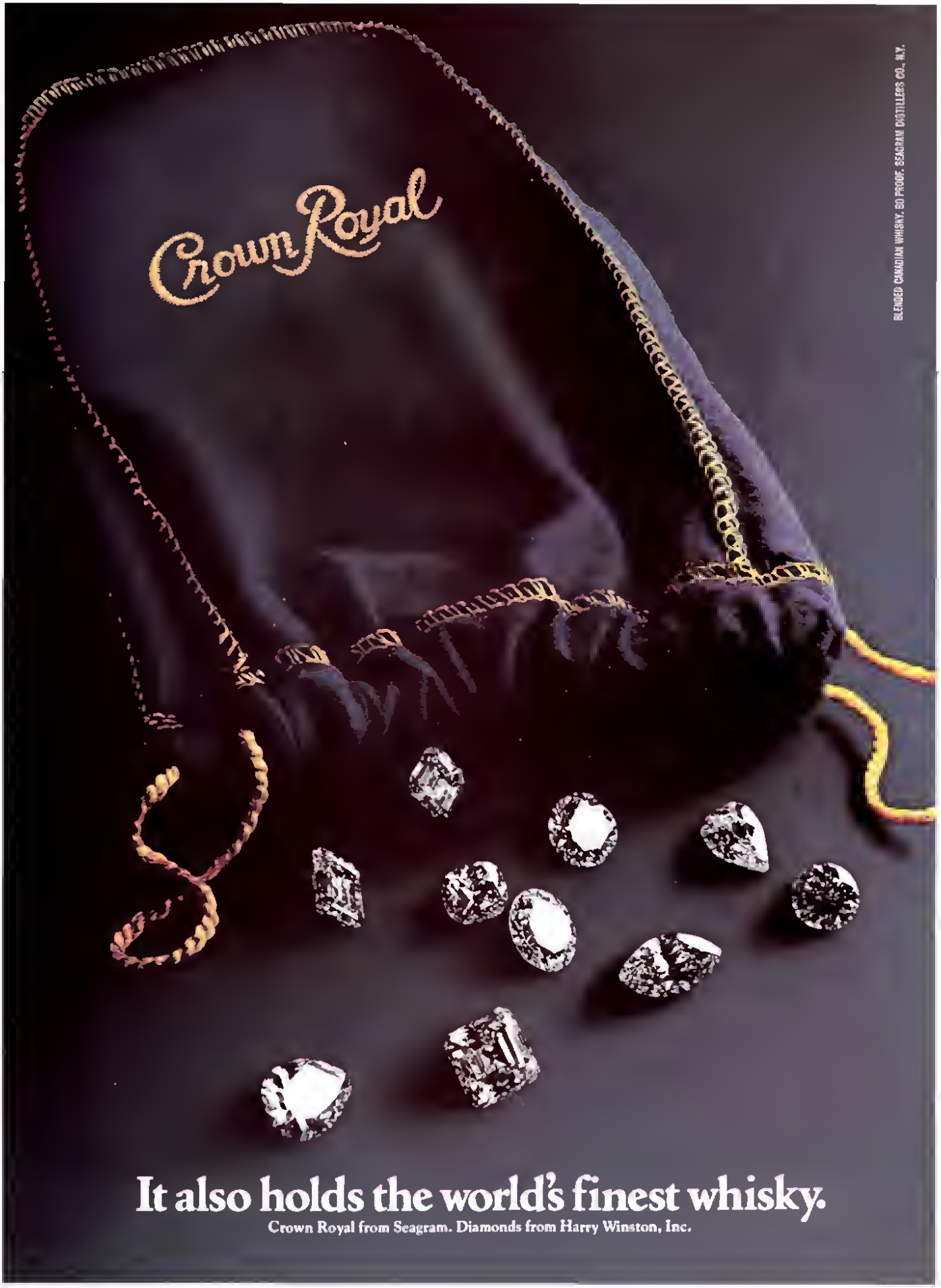
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rence. He does it partly because he'd miss his mother's cooking too much. "She makes the best apple pie," he says. The football team will tell you she also makes a mean Sunday brunch: dozens of egg soufflés, heaps of Canadian bacon, mounds of hash browns.

But Reppert has lived at home mostly so he can spend time with his 17-year-old brother, Mark, who was born deaf. "Mark needs a role model," Reppert says. "He's dealing with discrimination every day—in school, in class, at lunch, on the football field, on the cross-country team. He's at a disadvantage before he even starts anything. There must be times when he says to himself, 'Why am I working so hard? Why don't I just slide through life like everybody else?' Then he sees me and says, 'Scott's in college. Scott's on the football team. I know I have the same ability.'

"I've never pretended I was deaf, but I've always wondered what it's like. It must be awful to be at the dinner table and everybody's laughing because somebody has told a joke. And you don't know if they're laughing at you, or if the joke is something you would have laughed at if you could've heard it."

Reppert wouldn't feel at home at just any college. But then again Lawrence (enrollment, 1,150) isn't just any college. It's the Stanford of Division III—all brawn and all brains. Ron Roberts became the winningest football coach in the school's history last Saturday. Now in his 18th season, Roberts has a 112–44–1 record (6–1 this year). The Vikings run a complicated pro set, two tight end offense. "We've already shown our opponents 18 different formations and will show them 17 more by the end of the year," Reppert says. "Put all us little guys who were underachievers in high school with guys our own size and we're overachievers."

Lawrence is successful but not in the usual big-time football way. Chris Matheus, a senior defensive end who has a 3.88 GPA in physics, has computerized the team's defensive plays. Last season Noseguard Sam Levin missed the Vikings' first playoff game because of a bar mitzvah. "I asked him if he'd convert to Christianity for a week," Roberts says, "but he didn't think it would be a good idea." On another occasion, Levin and Defensive Back Dave Blowers took their law school entrance exams in their uniforms and ran onto the field right before the opening kickoff. "So much for psyching up for games," Roberts says.

"My career at Lawrence has been special," says Reppert, who hopes to play pro ball and get an M.B.A. "The guys on the team really care. Playing football was a social thing in high school. Guys played because their dads forced them to or because their buddies told them that's what they had to do to be a man. Here the guys are playing because they want to and because they feel it's a vital part of their liberal arts education. It's competitive and serious football, yet we haven't lost sight of what's important. And, we control our own destinies."

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTH If there was anything North Carolina thought it could rely on against the visiting Maryland Terrapins, it was its defense. After all, the Tar Heels were first in Division I-A in both total defense (155.7 yards a game) and in rushing defense (43 yards a game). North Carolina scored 24 points, which should have been plenty, and led 24–17 in the fourth period after Tailback Kelvin Bryant, who rushed for 130 yards, scored on an acrobatic grab of a three-yard pass from Quarterback Rod Elkins. The Terps, however, kept chiseling away at that rocklike Tar Heel defense for a stunning 31–24 triumph.

Led by Running Back Willie Joyner, Maryland rushed for 320 yards and got 166 more on Boomer Esiason's passes. During three consecutive scoring drives in the second half, the Terps needed only nine running plays to cover 253 yards—just five rushing yards short of the total the Tars Heels had yielded in six previous games. Of those 253 yards, 188 were gained by Joyner, who set up the first of those three touchdowns with a 55-yard burst and scored the next two on fourth-quarter runs of 49 and 84 yards. On the last of his big gallops, Joyner broke a tackle just beyond the line and then took off. When it was over, Joyner had gained a team-record 240 yards and Maryland had moved into first place in the Atlantic Coast Conference.

Duke outlasted Georgia Tech 38–21 in another ACC matchup. In non-conference games, Virginia defeated VMI 37–6 and North Carolina State breezed past South Carolina 33–3.

"You always know who's going to run the ball against us because he's the guy who's got tears in his eyes when he comes out of the huddle," said Florida State Middle Guard David Ponder after a 24–7 victory at Miami. The Seminoles' Ponder-ous defense limited Hurricane runners to a mere 91 yards. "My main objective was to shut Speedy Neal's mouth," said Defensive Tackle Alphonso Carreker of Florida State. Neal, a 245-pound Miami fullback who predicted he'd have no trouble plowing through the Seminoles, gained only 23 yards. Nonetheless, the Hurricanes trailed just 10–7 going into the final period. But then Orson Mobley, a 6′ 6″, 260-pound Seminole tight end, caught a pass from Quarterback Kelly Lowery and bowled over three defenders on his way to a 24-yard score. Tailback Greg Allen's second short touchdown run—a two-yarder—finished off Florida State's scoring for the 24–7 win. During the two weeks the Seminoles had to prepare for this game, Coach Bobby Bowden drilled his players on how they could most effectively stop Miami on short-yardage plays by having his No. 1 defense go up against his No. 1 offense. It paid off. Miami was stopped twice on fourth-and-one, first at the Florida State one-yard line and later at midfield.

"The offense was erratic, spasmodic, missing like a car needing a tuneup, maybe even an overhaul. We didn't throw the ball well, didn't catch it very well, didn't block very well. On defense, we weren't very physical." Surely that was the losing coach talking. No, it was Vince Dooley, whose Georgia team had beaten Memphis State 34–3. In truth, the Bulldogs weren't all that impressive. But Herschel Walker was, as usual, no slouch, rushing for 219 yards and a pair of touchdowns as he carried the ball 33 times.

Alabama was another lackluster winner, holding off a frantic final Mississippi State drive to preserve a 20–12 SEC decision. John Bond's 18-for-33 passing accounted for 231 yards for State, but its last-ditch attempt to salvage a tie, a drive that started on its own 13, came up short at the Tide's five when time ran out. Florida, though, did beat the clock. Jim Gainey's fourth field goal of the game, a 42-yarder with one second remaining to be played, gave the Gators a 19–17 victory over visiting Auburn. Wayne Peace kept the Gator attack going by completing 23 of 30 passes for 250 yards.

The only thing Louisiana State lost was the pregame coin toss, which it has yet to win this season. Tiger defenders had eight quarterback sacks, nailed seven other ballcarriers behind the line of scrimmage and held Mississippi to minus 50 yards rushing, a record for an SEC game. The Rebels, who had gained 524 yards against Georgia three weeks earlier, this time were limited to a paltry 82 yards in total offense. LSU's freshman tailbacks, Dalton Hilliard and Garry James, also got the job done as the Tigers romped to a 45–8 victory. Hilliard rambled for 123 yards and a pair of touchdowns, James for 74 yards and three TDs.

continued

SOUTHWEST "It became a stat game. They were trying to get stats for players." That was the strongly voiced opinion of Texas A&M Coach Jackie Sherrill after the Aggies' 47–9 Southwest Conference defeat at Southern Methodist. The most impressive of the Mustangs' stats belonged to Eric Dickerson, who carried 14 times for 200 yards and scored on runs of nine, 80 and 79 yards. That gave Dickerson season totals of 13 touchdowns and 1,319 yards on 168 carries, an average of 7.85 yards a crack. Sherrill objected that Dickerson and fellow Tailback Craig James weren't yanked from the game until SMU led by 31 points. That, Sherrill felt, was literally adding insult to injury—a severely bruised left hip and a chip fracture of the left ankle that put Aggie Quarterback Gary Kubiak out of commission in the first period.

The Arkansas defense also put together some impressive numbers in a hard-fought 24–6 victory over winless Rice. Three boots gave the Owls something to hoot about before they were done in: field goals of 45 and 25 yards by Joel Baxter that had given Rice a 6–0 halftime advantage, and an 80-yard punt by Dale Walters in the third quarter—wind-aided, to be sure. But after that kick, which rolled through the end zone, the Razorbacks, who had suffered three turnovers to that point, finally got their offense untracked, with Fullback Jessie Clark scoring twice in 51 seconds late in the quarter. First, Clark climaxed the 80-yard march following Walters' punt with a two-yard touchdown run. Then, one play after an interception and a 21-yard return by Arkansas Linebacker Milton Fields, Clark ran six yards for another score. As for those defensive stats, the Hogs held the Owls to 86 yards in total offense, only four in the last two quarters. Arkansas, which trails SMU by half a game in the SWC standings, has allowed no touchdowns and just four field goals in its four conference games.

"All we did was come out here and lay an egg," Texas Tech Coach Jerry Moore said after an at-home loss to Texas. Tech trailed only 7–0 at halftime, but from there on the Longhorns scrambled the Red Raiders, leaving them 27–0 losers. Quarterback Robert Brewer scored all three Texas touchdowns on short runs, and the 'Horns' defense surrendered only 134 yards in total offense. Houston held off Texas Christian 31–27.

Louisiana Tech remained unbeaten in Southland Conference competition, knocking off Arkansas State by a score of 24–14. Runner-up Northeast Louisiana was a 14–0 victor over Lamar.

EAST Pitt fans, who have been extremely critical of first-year Coach Foge Fazio and the team's tepid offense, got what they wanted last week. The Panthers built a 49–0 second-quarter lead and ran away from Louisville 63–14. Tim Lewis started the rout by taking the opening kickoff in the Pitt end zone and returning it 91 yards. From there on, the Panthers displayed a well-rounded attack for the first time this year. Dan Marino completed 10 of 18 passes for 156 yards and two touchdowns. This was the 17th consecutive regular-season game in which Marino threw a TD pass, one short of the NCAA record. Tom Flynn returned a punt 63 yards for another Pitt score, Bryan Thomas carried nine times for 119 yards, and three players who hadn't run with the ball all season—freshmen Darnell Stone and Bill Callahan and junior Mike Boyd—added 175 yards on 32 trips.

SI TOP 20

1.	PITT (7–0)	1 *
2.	GEORGIA (8–0)	3
3.	SMU (8–0)	4
4.	ARIZONA STATE (8–0)	5
5.	PENN STATE (7–1)	6
6.	NEBRASKA (7–1)	7
7.	ARKANSAS (7–0)	8
8.	WASHINGTON (7–1)	2
9.	ALABAMA (7–1)	10
10.	UCLA (7–0–1)	12
11.	FLORIDA STATE (6–1)	13
12.	WEST VIRGINIA (6–2)	14
13.	LSU (6–0–1)	17
14.	FLORIDA (5–2)	16
15.	SOUTHERN CAL (5–2)	11
16.	MARYLAND (6–2)	—
17.	OKLAHOMA (6–2)	18
18.	N. CAROLINA (5–2)	9
19.	CLEMSON (5–1–1)	19
20.	MICHIGAN (6–2)	—

* Last week

At a press conference a few days before the game, Fazio had broken into song (*Ac-cent-tchu-ate the Positive*), later explaining that when he'd been in Syracuse for the previous week's game, "They said my name—Serafino Dante Fazio—made me sound like a Mafia leader. They said that I looked like Yogi Bear with a blow-dry haircut. I think my name makes me sound like an opera singer." Following last week's blowout of the Cardinals, Fazio was finally able to sing the praises of the Pitt offense.

Doug Flutie of Boston College, who had worn a flak jacket for the past six games as a precautionary measure, took it off and riddled Penn State by completing 26 of 44 passes for a team-record 520 yards. Two other quarterbacks tacked on another 75 yards passing for the Eagles, who had 656 in total offense. Tight End Scott Nizolek gained a school-record 229 of those yards on 11 receptions. That should have been enough to finish off the Nittany Lions. It wasn't. Not nearly enough. Penn State intercepted two passes, pounced on four BC fumbles and got a perfect split from its offense—309 yards on the ground and 309 yards through the air—to win 52–17. Tailback Curt Warner became the Nittany Lions' career rushing leader by increasing his total to 3,031 yards. He scored three times and gained 183 yards on 28 carries. Todd Blackledge's 14-for-27 passing netted 243 yards and three touchdowns, two of which were scored by Flanker Kenny Jackson.

West Virginia also coasted, scoring on its first three possessions and winding up with a 30–3 defeat of East Carolina. The Mountaineers got off to a fast start by rushing for 133 yards in the first quarter against the Pirates, who had been yielding only 129.3 yards a game on the ground.

A 42-yard field goal by Chris Price with 25 seconds left gave Princeton a 17–14 upset over Penn. Harvard, which for the second week in a row equaled an Ivy League mark by picking off six passes, tied the Quakers for first place by beating Brown 34–0. Cornell won by an identical score over the Merchant Marine Academy. Yale overcame a 21–3 deficit to defeat Dartmouth 22–21. Columbia was a loser, 41–8, at Army, which got 177 yards rushing from Gerald Walker.

WEST The Southern Cal-at-Arizona State matchup came down to one decisive play. USC, trailing 17–10, had a fourth-and-eight at the Sun Devil 25 with 46 seconds left. Arizona State, as it had all night, blitzed, and Free Safety Mike Richardson dumped Trojan backup Quarterback Scott Tinsley for an 11-yard loss. A third-quarter Richardson blitz had sidelined USC's starting signal caller, Sean Salisbury, who will miss the rest of the season with an injured right knee. In all, the Sun Devils tackled USC ballcarriers 12 times behind the line for minus 76 yards. USC's running corps, badly depleted by injury, gained only 20 yards on 43 rushes. The Trojans got their sole touchdown on a 21-yard pass from Salisbury to Split End Jeff Simmons to forge a 10–10 halftime tie.

Arizona State's first 10 points came on Todd Hons' 29-yard pass to Tailback Darryl Clack and on a school-record 52-yard field goal by Luis Zendejas. The Sun Devils drove 54 yards for the winning touchdown in the third quarter, Alvin Moore storming in from six yards out. That, plus Stanford's upset of Washington (*page 24*), put Arizona State atop the Pac-10.

UCLA's Irv Eatman, a 6′ 6¼″, 268-pound defensive tackle, agreed to Coach Terry Donahue's suggestion that he shift to offensive tackle against Oregon. From Tuesday through Friday, Eatman got a crash course on the position from Offensive Tackle Coach Ed Kezirian. Their early-morning, afternoon and evening sessions bore quick fruit; Eatman added needed muscle to the Bruins' pass protection and run blocking as UCLA won 40–12. Four field goals by freshman John Lee helped, too.

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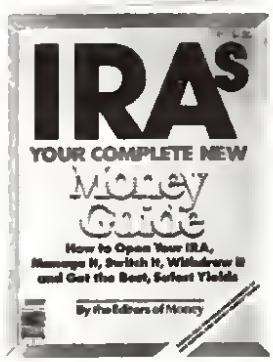
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S2

With Tom Tunnicliffe passing for 204 yards, Arizona defeated Washington State 34–17. California beat Oregon State 28–14. Fresno State, 4–0 in the PCAA and 7–1 overall, took command of the conference race by dumping Long Beach State 40–22, despite a conference-record 35 completions—on 59 attempts for 367 yards—by 49er Quarterback Todd Dillon. The PCAA gained prestige when Utah State jarred WAC leader Brigham Young 20–17. Aggie Quarterback Doug Samuels completed 19 of 31 passes for 326 yards and three TDs.

Week after week, John Brunelle, a student serving as the sports information director at Pacific University in Forest Grove, Ore., had to report that his team had lost again. Last week, though, Brunelle was able to announce that the Boxers had ended their string of losses at 30 games, the longest such streak for a four-year college at any level. And just who was the big gun for Pacific during its memorable 21–14 triumph over Lewis and Clark? Why, it was none other than the same John Brunelle, who doubles as the team's quarterback. Brunelle completed six of 11 passes for 132 yards, including a 72-yarder to Jeff Kaihewalu for a touchdown.

MIDWEST Question: What chance did Kansas, which was ranked 96th out of 97 Division I-A teams against the rush with an average yield of 263.8 yards a game, have against visiting Nebraska, which was first in rushing with 392 yards a game? Answer: None. The Cornhuskers pounded out 426 yards on the ground while romping to a 52–0 Big Eight triumph. Although bothered by a hip pointer, Husker I Back Mike Rozier carried 16 times for 123 yards and scored a pair of touchdowns on runs of 25 and 27 yards.

Colorado, which had given up 185 points in losing five of seven games, also seemed to have no chance when it played at home against new-look Oklahoma, with its I formation. Marcus Dupree, the Sooners' speedy freshman, scored on a 77-yard punt return in the second period. Nevertheless, the Buffaloes, whose Rich Johnson had broken four tackles on a 17-yard touchdown run in the first quarter, battled to a 10–10 halftime standoff. But second-half interceptions set up three Oklahoma TDs, leading to a 45–10 victory for the Sooners.

Kansas State moved closer to a possible bowl bid, which would be its first ever, with a 9–3 win at Iowa State. The Wildcats are now 5–2–1. Oklahoma State, which got 227 yards on the ground (on 37 carries) from NCAA rushing leader Ernest Anderson, toppled Missouri 30–20. Anderson has a total of 1,328 yards in seven games.

When first-string Michigan Tailback Lawrence Ricks wasn't grinding out 135 yards on 18 carries, third-string Tailback Kerry Smith was running for 113 on 11. Altogether, the

continued

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Wolverines picked up 374 of their 566 yards of total offense on the ground while clobbering injury-plagued Minnesota 52–14. Michigan struck through the air, too, Steve Smith firing three touchdown passes for the second week in a row. Mike Hohensee of the Gophers gained 239 yards with his 27-for-39 passing, but Minnesota ballcarriers struggled to just 47 yards in 29 carries.

Multiple tailbacks also powered Ohio State, which defeated Purdue 38–6 at Columbus. Tim Spencer of the Buckeyes ran for 168 yards on 20 carries and Jimmy Gayle for 80 yards on nine. Earlier in the season, Ohio State had lost three consecutive games at home as sophomore Quarterback Mike Tomczak struggled to master the offense. Tomczak has evidently done his homework; he proved it last week by completing nine of 16 passes for 180 yards and two touchdowns. Ohio State's rubber-band defense gave up 423 yards but allowed only two field goals. Quarterback Scott Campbell of the Boilermakers, who threw a team-record 55 passes, completed 28 for 333 yards.

Iowa moved into a second-place tie with Ohio State by jolting Illinois 14–13. Eddie Phillips of the Hawkeyes, who rushed for 158 yards on 27 carries, knotted the score at 7–7 with a two-yard run in the first quarter. Iowa went ahead 14–10 on an eight-yard pass from Chuck Long to Ronnie Harmon in the third quarter and then held on. The Illini got field goals of 52 and 45 yards from Mike Bass, plus 292 yards passing from Tony Eason, who connected on 31 of 46.

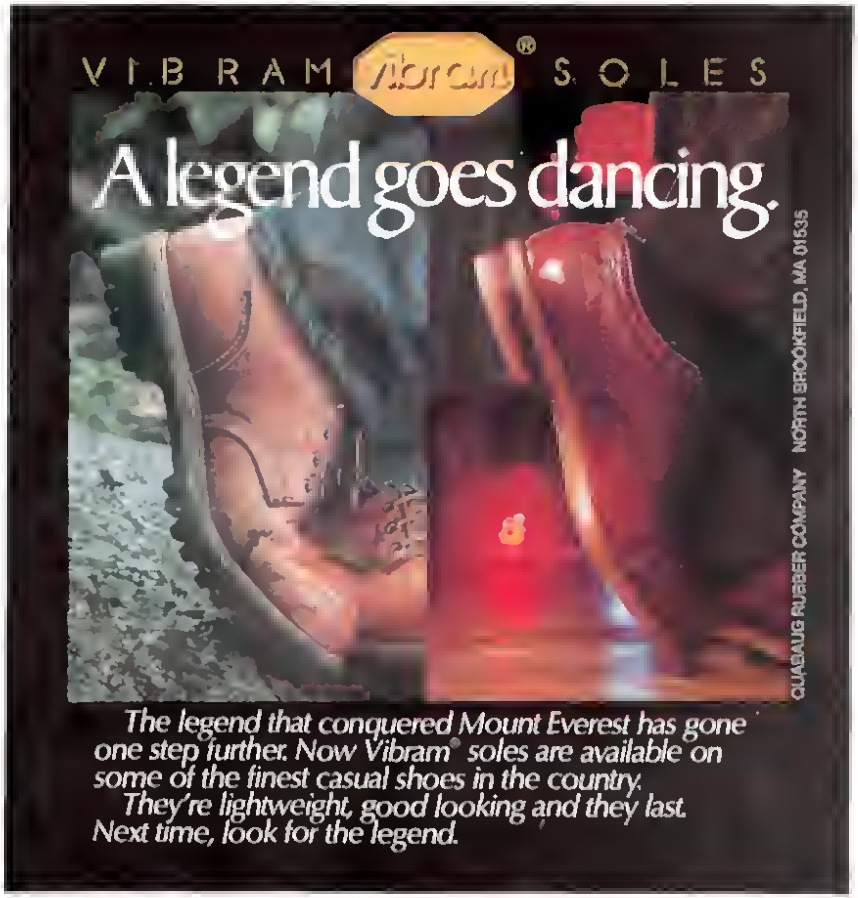
Troy King, a third-string tailback for Wisconsin who started because the two players ahead of him were out of action, carried 15 times for 166 yards in a 54–20 defeat of Northwestern. Michigan State was a 22–14 winner at Indiana.

Tulsa, which had been tied with Wichita State for first in the Missouri Valley Conference, stood alone at the top after beating the Shockers 30–21. Central Michigan was the new leader in the Mid-American Conference race after a 42–18 wipeout of Ohio, which had been on top. Chippewa Tailback Curtis Adams scored four touchdowns and gained 238 yards on 21 carries. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Maryland Running Back Willie Joyner, a 5′ 10″, 196-pound junior, rushed for 240 yards and scored TDs on 49- and 84-yard runs in the final quarter of a 31–24 ACC upset of North Carolina.

DEFENSE: Tommy Young, a 6-foot, 212-pound senior linebacker, was instrumental in Florida State's win over Miami by making 14 unassisted tackles, lending a hand on seven others and intercepting a pass.






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NCAA football from E to U

"Civilian" viewers grade each telecast

by William Taaffe

Deep in the heart of the NCAA television committee, it's big trouble if a sneaky network affiliate slips in an extra commercial during a TV time-out. It's a matter of grave concern if those inane interviews—smiling Joe Television questioning harried Coach Schmeltz at halftime—keep Schmeltz from his X's and O's. And heaven help us if the morals of college-age viewers, those pillars of scholarship we see peering through microscopes on prerecorded NCAA halftime promos, are tainted by too many beer advertisements.

To help protect against such outrages, for many years the 19-member TV committee has used a little-known reviewing system in which ordinary folks rate the networks' performance on each football telecast. The grades range from E for excellent right down to U for unsatisfactory (the NCAA doesn't allow Fs). Periodically an NCAA official summarizes the reports and sends the appropriate sections to ABC, CBS and WTBS, Ted Turner's superstation.

The head of this non-Nielsen-esque enterprise is Bob Moorman, 58, of Hampton, Va., commissioner of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association and a member of the TV committee. Each year he tells his fellow members the kinds of monitors to hire for telecasts in their regions: colleagues and acquaintances, fans and football neophytes, women as well as men. Moorman himself has hired mechanics, homemakers and a nuclear medical technician, not to mention his 25-year-old daughter. Four reviewers are assigned to each national game and two to each regional telecast. The prevailing wage is $30 for critiqueing announcers and camerawork, $40 for keeping track of commercials and promos. Most of the reviews are glowing, with ABC's Keith Jackson and everybody's camerawork receiving the most kudos. But a sampling of the reports reveals that some monitors are a trifle grumpy.

A Durham, N.C. reviewer, watching ABC's Virginia-Navy game in September, cited Bill Flemming's "very capable" play-by-play performance, and then went on to point out that Flemming introduced the defense as the offense, among other conspicuous boo-boos. Monitoring CBS' Air Force-New Mexico game last month, a college student in Colorado despaired over the repeated mention of Pat Haden's Rhodes scholarship. He gave Gary Bender an E for enthusiasm and a stern rebuke for using irritating neologisms. "Yardage-wise," Bender gained nothing that afternoon. One reviewer gave ABC's accomplished sideline reporter, Anne Simon, a fat U during the Michigan-Notre Dame game in September. There seems to be a consensus that WTBS announcers Bob Neal and Tim Foley add little to a telecast. Said one monitor, "An E, but [they're] at the bottom" in comparison with others. "No Keiths, but they're coming."

Upon receiving the reports in Hampton, Moorman dispatches them for analysis to Tom Hansen, the NCAA's television program director, in Shawnee Mission, Kans. When the complaints are severe, Hansen rings up the networks and squawks. In years past, the NCAA has rapped CBS' and ABC's knuckles for running too many beer spots. Nine suds commercials is the limit for each game.

This season the flash point seems to be ABC's sardonic halftime analyst, Beano Cook. In September he said the only way Vanderbilt would make the Sugar Bowl was if "the other nine teams in the [Southeastern] Conference go on probation." Two weeks ago he declared it "a crime" that the "mediocre" Big Ten still receives an automatic bid to the Rose Bowl. "The monitors' reaction to Beano has been mixed," says Moorman, but he's probably being charitable. Says Hansen, "Beano hasn't won many hearts yet."

Do ABC, CBS and WTBS accept the NCAA's recommendations? Moorman and Hansen say yes. However, the following story, related by a network source, suggests the answer may be otherwise. In ABC's season opener on Sept. 6, a sideline cameraman got so close to Clemson Coach Danny Ford that viewers could see the freckles on his face. "Quit encroaching on the bench," chastised the television committee, citing a contract rule that cameramen must remain outside the 30-yard lines. "We've got great lenses," ABC replied. "No way you can prove we were inside the 30." The following Saturday, when ABC carried USC against Florida, who should be strolling the sidelines but Dennis Cryder, the NCAA's director of productions. Observant members of the crowd noticed a 35 mm camera dangling from Cryder's wrist. He would raise it whenever an innocent young cameraman approached the 30-yard line.

What a way to build a case. *Click* Gotcha! END



Moorman has hired homemakers, mechanics and his daughter to monitor.



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by Clive Gammon



Unsurprisingly, Virginia fans have flipped out over Wallace's topsy-turvy throw-ins.

The game takes a new turn

When No. 1 Duke played No. 3 Virginia, it was the U.S. vs. the U.S.

On a bright and beautiful Virginia afternoon that mocked Sunday's being Halloween came a bright, sometimes beautiful game of soccer between Duke, at game time rated first among the nation's college teams, and the home side at Charlottesville, the No. 3-ranked University of Virginia. Before the game, the fans of the ACC rivals, a Scott Stadium soccer-record 6,200 of them, shouted cheerily at one another. "We're Number One!" yelled the Duke side. "Not after today!" replied the Virginians. As it turned out, neither got satisfaction. The game ended 2–2 after two overtimes. But overriding the letdown caused by the tie was a sense that something long promised was coming into bud.

Little more than a week earlier, at a meeting in San Jose, Calif., the NASL owners had agonized over the apparent failure of pro soccer in the U.S. They gnawed at a paradox: their dwindling audience on the one hand, and the accelerating success of the game at the youth level on the other. The United States Soccer Federation hopes to register its millionth player in kids' soccer this year, and with an annual growth rate of about 20%, the sport has overtaken both Little League baseball and youth football in popularity.

If you wanted to see that paradox translated into human terms, you needed only to look at three generations of soccer players represented at Scott Stadium on Sunday. Start with the oldest and saddest one, the generation American soccer lost. Virginia Coach Bruce Arena is an example of it. He's 31 now and highly successful in the college game—through Sunday the 1982 Cavaliers' record was 13–0–2. Why lost? "I picked up the game far too late," Arena says. "I was 15, and you can't start at 15 and hope to compete. But I was a good athlete, and I was drafted by the Cosmos. However, I was at Cornell then, a good school, and I was unattracted by the fact that the Cosmos would give me $200 a game for maybe three months of the year. I was born too early for soccer here."

Helping out with the coaching at Virginia is Paul Milone, five years younger than Arena. "I played at Princeton," he says, "and got caught in the business of American players getting the shaft. I was drafted and spent a year with San Diego in the NASL. They had a German coach who ran a revolving door for German players. Americans never had a chance. Then I went to the Pittsburgh Spirit in the MISL. This time it was a Polish coach importing Poles. I came back here, to graduate business school. It's a common story."

But both men are now in a privileged position. They are assisting in the debut at the college level of the first born-with-the-ball Americans, like the freshmen who hung around after Virginia's practice on Saturday discussing international soccer styles. Latin individualism, German slow-build tactics, British hardcore—the jargon fell confidently from their lips. And why not? One of them, 18-year-old Brant Vitek, from Annandale, Va., had gone to Spain last summer to see the World Cup, the trip being a high school graduation present from his father. Another freshman, Jeff Gaffney, a high school All-America from Bethesda, Md. and Virginia's leading scorer with 12 goals, started to play when he was six.



"They start 'em even younger now," he said.

"You can move onto these traveling teams when you're about 9 years old," said Cavalier Sweeper Dan Horton, "and we're on a par with anybody our age now. I've traveled to play in England, Sweden and Norway. We were never demolished by anybody, and we managed to beat a lot of teams, too."

The traveling teams Horton speaks of are the youth clubs, like his own Annandale Boys' Club, and it is they, rather than the high schools, that are molding the game in the U S.

"What the clubs do," says Duke Coach John Rennie, "is provide a ladder. It's like schoolyard basketball. You start at a particular corner playground. When you get to be the best player there, you move to the next corner. Or from the five o'clock to the eight o'clock game. So the clubs are more valuable for learning the game than the schools.

"There it's all that rah-rah stuff and playing on football fields with four quarters. It's ping-pong soccer. Watch the same kid play for his high school, then his club. He's a different player."

Ping-pong soccer is the game at its lowest level: long, high balls are belted downfield and chased in hope but not with artistry. The cure for it is the coaching clubs give—that and having the kids play a lot.

"Teams like Annandale and the Potomac Kickers play as many as 60 games a year," says Arena. "They don't play basketball in the winter, baseball in the spring—just year-round soccer. They train every day; it becomes part of their culture. They will be tremendous!"

And that, it seems, is bad news for the younger brothers of the players that some American colleges have imported from Africa, the Caribbean and elsewhere. It was a sign of the times that the all-American University of Connecticut team won the NCAA title last year over Alabama A&M's Nigerians and Jamaicans. This year, Alabama A&M was trounced 4–0 by Virginia. Fifth-ranked Clemson, once reliant on imports for its domination of the ACC, now has declared that it will start going native.

But the unassailable facts on Sunday were that two entirely American teams stood first and third in the national rankings, and that the ACC, with three teams in the first five, has become the major power in college soccer. There are, says Arena, two simple reasons. The first is dollars. Virginia, he says, has a well-heeled athletic department, and thus he has a well-funded soccer program.

The ACC also is favored with all-year soccer weather, greatly to the advantage of the growing youth-club structure in the conference's area. Intra-conference rivalry has helped, too. "We all got tired of losing to Clemson so regularly," Rennie says. "I think it was North Carolina that reacted first, then Duke, then Virginia. Now it's Wake Forest as well."

But most of all, it has been the awareness of coaches like Arena and Rennie of the value of this new generation of Americans that has made the difference. "Are they uptight?" Arena was asked at Saturday's practice. "They're *too young* to be uptight," he replied. He has so much confidence in them that at one point against Alabama A&M he had nine freshmen on the field. Against Duke, though, Arena started only five, but it was one of them, Gaffney, who opened the scoring at 4:13, heading home a perfectly struck cross from Brian Vernon. And then, much to the delight of the big home crowd, Voga Wallace, a junior from Washington D.C. and a cult hero in these parts, entered the game.

Wallace's specialty is a prodigious throw-in from the sideline. It can travel 50 yards, but it's no ordinary over-the-head toss. First, Wallace is handed a towel and wipes his hands Then he takes the ball, retreats five yards, runs forward and goes into a complete somersault, flinging the ball as he turns into his flip. At the moment this delivery is *perfectly* legal and sometimes effective: Virginia has scored three goals this season off Wallace throw-ins that he sent booming toward the goalmouth.

It didn't work this time though, and the game degenerated a little U.S. college soccer is like Eliza Doolittle halfway through her transformation. She can behave beautifully, as in the play from Vernon to Gaffney. But she can also let a "bloody" or two slip out, as when Joe Ulrich, Duke's senior defender, a first-round draft pick of the MISL's New York Arrows, belted the ball upfield to no one in particular; or when Duke Freshman Forward Tom Kain, a member of the national youth team, got an early yellow card for a crude attempt to wrestle the ball from the Virginia goalie.

After that first goal, the Cavaliers made the familiar tactical error of trying to fall back and hold on to an early lead. Duke's Charles Guevara put an end to that by heading in an equalizer at 15:28.

In the second half, Duke, adjusting to the unfamiliar AstroTurf, pushed Virginia back in midfield, started laying serious siege to its goal and at 64:51 went ahead 2–1 when Horton, attempting to deflect a Duke free kick from 30 yards out, headed the ball into his own net.

That, it seemed, would be that But six minutes later, the polished Eliza came on stage again. Vernon dummied—jumping over a passed ball, and letting it go across to Mark Brcic, who chipped it back to Vernon, who made the score 2–2 with a diving header. It was a perfect play: international class soccer.

The 2–2 tie was unbroken after the two *10-minute overtime periods* dictated by NCAA rules, but a verdict was possible. Though the U.S. isn't quite ready for Rio's Maracanã stadium, it looks very much as if—now and then—by George, they've got it! **END**



Gaffney scored the game's first goal on a header past Duke Keeper Pat Johnston.



Resch has scintillated in a most hellish position, minding the nets for New Jersey.

He's the hindmost of the Devils

Chico Resch must save, save ...

by Jack Falla

. . . Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.
—JOHN MILTON
Paradise Lost

From the packed stands at Byrne Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, N.J., last Thursday night they chanted their approval of the beleaguered man in goal: "Chee-CO (clap-clap) .. Chee-CO (clap-clap). . . ." Though his team, the New Jersey Devils, had gotten off to an encouraging 3–1–3 start, the neighborhood bully New York Islanders were about to hand the Devils their fourth consecutive defeat. So those cheers must have sounded heavenly to Glenn (Chico) Resch, a player who has been to hell and back more times than Audie Murphy.

With the Devils trailing 4–2 and fading fast in the third period, Resch had just stopped the Islanders' top sniper, Mike Bossy, twice—once on a sprawling save as Bossy cut right to left across the crease and then with a pad save as the winger tried to backhand the rebound. Rebounds and second chances are a fact of life when you play in net for a club that last season, as the Colorado Rockies, was the worst in the NHL.

Let Milton's fallen angels whine about being tossed out of heaven into hell. At least they were never traded from the Stanley Cup-winning Islanders to the cash-strapped and woeful Rockies, as Resch was in March 1981. He suffered. "I'd get 35 or 40 shots a night in Colorado," Resch says, "and toward the end money got so tight management stopped buying sticks and started taking game pucks out of the souvenir stands."

Resch and the crumbling Rockies were saved from extinction last summer when New Jersey-born, Manhattan-based shipping magnate John J. McMullen, who owns the Houston Astros, headed a group that bought the franchise and moved it to the Meadowlands, a venture McMullen says "cost just under $30 million." That figure includes a total of $16.5 million in indemnity payments he will have to make to the Rangers, Islanders, and Philadelphia Flyers for his intrusion into the Rangers' territory and the other two teams' media markets.

While McMullen says an average attendance of 15,000 this season in the 19,023-seat Byrne Arena will enable him to break even on operating costs, Devil Public Relations Director Larry Brooks says break-even on a $30 million investment "is about six Stanley Cups." At week's end the Devils, who had a 3–6–3 record, had averaged nearly 14,000 fans for seven home dates. That included sellouts against the Rangers on Oct. 8 and the Islanders on Thursday. If the remaining five home games with those metropolitan rivals also are sellouts, as they're expected to be, the Devils could well average 13,000. Last season the Rockies drew 7,232 a game.

At this stage Brooks speaks only in jest about Stanley Cups because the team McMullen brought to New Jersey was noted for making bad trades and squandering draft choices. It was also a team that, since its birth as the Kansas City Scouts in 1974, had appeared in only two playoff games, losing both to the Flyers in 1978.

In two particularly boneheaded front-office moves, Colorado traded its No. 1 draft choice in 1977, Barry Beck, a tough and talented defenseman, to the Rangers in 1979 for four players no longer with the franchise. The Rockies topped (or bottomed) that move in 1981 by signing Boston Forward Dwight Foster as a free agent and compensating the Bruins with, among other things, a swap of 1982 draft positions. Because Colorado finished last last season, the Rockies could have had first choice in June's draft. Instead, they picked eighth—and Foster was sold to the Detroit Red Wings last week.

Henceforth, says McMullen, the Devils will build via the draft. "We may not

continued


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be able to copy the Islanders exactly, but we'd be foolish not to try," he says. So the question is: Will Devil fans—especially the approximately 9,200 season-ticket holders—be patient? Much of the answer may ride on the performance, leadership and savvy of the 34-year-old Resch. Twice a second-team All-Star and fourth in 1982 All-Star balloting despite playing for the Rockies, the little (5′ 9″, 165 pounds), acrobatic netminder appears to be the Devils' only bona fide gate attraction and media celebrity. "I tell the guys we could be Islanders West—not Colorado East," he says. "We're in New Jersey, but it's really like New York, and there's no place like New York to succeed."

Resch sees the New Jersey fans as craving entertainment now, victories later. "They're not stupid," he says. "They know we're going to struggle for a while. But all we have to do is give them a good effort. Try. Entertain them. Right now we're in the entertainment business as much as the winning business. I tell the guys, 'Be entertaining. Let's put on a good show.' I'll do somersaults out there if I have to."

Resch is as good as his word. He's not above making a routine glove save with a matador's flourish or responding to his supporters in the stands. "I'll nod or wave my stick or look up when I hear someone cheering for me," says Resch. "I let the fans into my game. I feed off them and they feed off me. I've been called a hot dog, and I guess some of the guys roll their eyes at my antics. Sometimes I have to remind myself I'm just the goaltender. I know my job is to stop pucks, but really my job is more."

Devil Defenseman Dave Hutchison, an eight-year NHL veteran who has played for Los Angeles, Toronto and Chicago, isn't an eye-roller. "Chico's boisterous, but it's natural with him," Hutchison says. "He's a leader. It's not put on."

Resch's value to the Devils was disconcertingly apparent in an 8–5 road loss to the Islanders on Saturday night. Devil Coach Billy MacMillan wanted to rest Resch, so he started winless Lindsey Middlebrook. But after Middlebrook allowed six goals, including an unscreened 60-footer, on 19 shots in two periods, MacMillan put in Resch. Though he let in two goals, both were on rebounds the New Jersey defensemen should have cleared. Resch made eight saves and in general played superbly.

According to Islander Goaltender Billy Smith, a close friend of Resch's and a former teammate, "Chico is mentally strong," a goalie who accepts the inevitable strain of playing for a team that has a lot of shots taken against it—an average of 28 through its first 12 games. Resch won three of them, with two ties, in eight starts. He also had an 89.4-save percentage. "And Chico's 89 is better than somebody else's 92," says New Jersey Vice-President Max McNab, "because he doesn't get many of those easy perimeter shots. He's not only consistent but also great in the last 10 minutes of a game. Chico dies hard."



Marini is one of Jersey's ice-moppers.

Resch does indeed face a disproportionate number of dead-on slot shots. In Thursday's Islander game, Bob Bourne and John Tonelli had easy pickings from 15 feet when they scored 1:08 apart in the opening period. Still, with time running out in the third period, Resch could be heard shouting through his mask, trying to quarterback the Devils' dreadful breakout play, which too often consists of a desperate defenseman, particularly Carol Vadnais and Tapio Levo, banging the puck around the boards to equally desperate—and often covered—wings.

New Jersey began last week with a 5–3 loss to Minnesota. Throughout the game the North Stars sent in two forecheckers—"they just flooded the puck side," said MacMillan—creating panic among Devil defensemen yet leaving the middle open. Alas, New Jersey lacks a Denis Potvin or Larry Robinson, defensemen who can beat the forechecker and get off a knife-thrust breakout pass that sends centers streaking up the gut. "The middle was open all night," said Resch afterward. "You can do so much when you're not trapped on the boards, but we need a couple of guys who can beat the first checker."

The Devils have one in Ken Daneyko, 18, but he's playing junior hockey, along with Devil-owned forwards Rocky Trottier (brother of Bryan) and Pat Verbeek, who also are 18. They'll be kept in the juniors come hell or high goals-allowed averages, says MacMillan. "We're going to stand by our commitment to develop our young players fully before we bring them up, even if we're losing," he says.

Adds McNab, "Those three could play now, but in sending them down we also had in mind that we don't want them bearing any burden of guilt if we get off to a bad start."

Although the Devils can be forechecked to damnation, no one can accuse them of not trying. Forwards Garry Howatt, Hector Marini and Yvon Vautour (like Resch, former Islanders, as are Dave Cameron, Bob Lorimer and Steve Tambellini) are board-crashers and ice-moppers who will make every effort, however inelegant, to score goals. And their effort doesn't go unappreciated.

"I bought the seats because the Islanders are too far away and because I can't get good Rangers tickets," says season-ticket holder Joe Diamond of West Orange, N.J. "This team tries. Right now what more can you ask? In a few years you won't be able to buy good seats."

Realistically, as Resch points out, "It's all right there for us. These fans will want winners, but if we're not going to win, then we'd better be entertaining because, this time, if we lose the fans we lose the team." Indeed, as Milton's Satan said to another group of Devils, "*Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.*" **END**



THE GLITTER HAS



GONE

At 12 Lori Kosten was ranked No. 2 in the U.S. in tennis, and her future seemed golden. Then everything fell apart

BY BARRY McDERMOTT

It's a typical teen-ager's room, a refuge as much as anything else. In the satisfying, comforting clutter are a pushbutton phone, a stack of 45s, a Mickey Mouse wall clock and a poster promising love. Lori Kosten is sitting on her bed, sifting absentmindedly through crimped photographs and yellowed newspaper clippings, evidence that she was special. She's playing *The Way We Were* on her stereo. She has tears in her eyes. If she had it to do all over again, would she? Could she?

Five years ago, at age 12, Lori told her hometown newspaper in Memphis, "I want to be like Chris Evert, or maybe better." Now, lying on the bed in front of her is a poem she has written, *I Had This Dream.*

> The dream didn't come true. . . .
> So I threw away all the fame,
> All that's left is memories of the
> past. . . .
> Once I was the big shot, I was so hot,
> But now it's no longer to be.

Trying to explain what happened to Lori, tennis folks say, "She had too much too soon." Eventually, her precociousness played havoc with her. She contemplated suicide. Her health deteriorated. Life became chaotic. Three years ago Lori said, "Tennis is everything. I wouldn't want to live without tennis." A year later she walked away from the game.

Lori didn't quit tennis because she wasn't improving, but because others were getting better faster. She quit because she made one too many trips to hospital emergency rooms, because she lay awake one night too many, worrying, because she finally listened to herself. "It used to make me mad that no one would ever

continued





say the word 'quit,' " says Lori. "Everyone just kept putting on more and more pressure to be better. No one would say it. They were so gung-ho about my being a winner."

Even now, a lot of people in tennis can't believe she could give up the sport. In 1981, after Zina Garrison won the Wimbledon junior championship she said to Lori, "I still wonder if I could get a game off of you."

Lori was good. At seven she was a phenom. By eight she had won seven trophies. In an early tournament she lost a set and her opponent's father screamed, "Ten thousand dollars worth of lessons finally paid off." At 12 she was ranked No. 2 in the U.S. in her age division. At 14 her picture was in *Life* magazine. She went out with Leif Garrett, the young Hollywood star. "I woke up to a world of all these super things happening," she says. "Headlines, traveling from state to state, missing school, meeting people, winning, being a fighter, wanting things and never being satisfied. Almost from the beginning of my life I was a star. Then when it ended, when I couldn't take it anymore, I said, 'I'm sick of fighting. I want to live.' "

Often in the early rounds of junior tournaments, the kids score their own matches, and the winner returns the balls and reports the outcome. Lori was always eager to return the balls.

"Score please."

"Kosten 6–0, 6–0."

The next day, Lori would be there again.

"Score please."

"Kosten 6–0, 6–0."

The officials would look up curiously. Lori could see them thinking: Is this girl special?

The first time she played Andrea Jaeger, in the 12-and-under division at the Southern Open, when they both were 10, Lori lost one game in two sets. She practiced with members of the Memphis State University men's team. Crowds would gather. Lori knew people were watching, and talking about her.

That same year, at the Orange Bowl tournament, she was leading Jaeger 3–0 in the second set after having lost the first. On the changeover, Andrea, a friend, said to Lori, "You're fat. You're ugly. And nobody likes you." Lori lost the next six games.



For Julie (left), constant comparisons with little sis were painful.

Altogether, some 90,000 boys and girls play in local, sectional and national age-group tennis tournaments in the U.S., and for the vast majority of them the game is a healthy endeavor. But for the elite, those with national rankings and aspirations of playing professionally, tennis often isn't a game but a way of life. As a result, perhaps no other sport adversely affects so many youngsters or demands so much of them mentally and emotionally. It can destroy as much as build, not only the participants, but families and friendships as well.

"I've never felt the pressure, not at Wimbledon, not at the U.S. Open, nowhere, that I went through in junior tennis," says Chris Evert Lloyd. "I still get chills thinking about it. Every match was life or death. I remember playing one of my best friends. We must have played 100 times. And before each match, I would almost get physically ill. I beat her every time. And the next time, I would get sick again."

A few months ago, Lori's mother, Marilyn, asked her daughter if she missed playing the Easter Bowl, a major junior event. "I miss the tournament," said Lori. "I don't miss throwing up before the matches."

In 1969 the fathers of Dick Stockton and Harold Solomon got into a fistfight



When Lori started to show promise, she and Herb became consumed with making her the best . . .

at the Orange Bowl tournament during a match between their sons. Since then, with more and more professional players making immense sums of money, the competition on the junior level has become even stiffer, the pressure on the kids more intense—and parental striving more acute. "They're out of control," says Nick Bollettieri, who runs a tennis academy for junior players in Longboat Key, Fla. "In other sports, if your coach yells at you, you still have your parents to turn to. Your parents yell, who do you turn to?"

But leaning on a kid too heavily for sloppy footwork isn't the only problem with many of today's tennis parents. At just about any major junior tournament one can see moms and dads allowing their children to cheat, argue with opponents, insult officials and throw tantrums. Some won't hesitate to instruct their kids to default a match if playing and losing could jeopardize their ranking. Anything goes to protect a ranking.

Compounding parents' anxiety over whether their children will "make it" is the fact that in tennis, unlike most other sports, which have established methods for producing champions, no one knows for sure what to do. Parents face a myriad of decisions: Big racket or small? Wood or composite? Two hands or one? Top spin or flat? Train at home or at a camp? Compete in the proper age group or play up? College or the circuit? Tracy Austin did it one way, Jaeger another, John McEnroe another.

Bill Amend has a 16-year-old son, Eric, who has won seven national titles. His 12-year-old daughter, Krista, is one of the best in the country in her age division. When Eric was 10, Bill built an indoor tennis club in Chicago so Eric could practice year round. Later, Bill, a research engineer, quit his job and moved his family to California, where the competition is better and Eric could be coached by Robert Lansdorp, until 1980 Tracy Austin's mentor. One day Krista was playing one of the nation's best 12-year-olds. After a disputed call went her opponent's way, Bill yelled, "She cheats! She always has cheated! Maybe I should teach my kids to cheat!" The people at the tournament were shocked, but as tennis parents, they understood.

"These parents look at these kids as the financial salvation of the family," says Toronto film and sports mogul John Bassett. His daughter, Carling, 15, is one of the top-ranked girls in the world and a student at Bollettieri's. When Bassett, a former Davis Cup player for Canada, attended his first junior tournament in the U.S., he was startled. "Here were kids coming off the court in tears," he says, "and their parents were yelling at them."

The father of one top junior player is renowned for heckling his son from the sidelines. If the boy double-faults, the man yells, "That's one." If he does it again, the father yells, "That's two."

The prevailing opinion among tennis parents is that the pressure is good, that it steels young players for the pro tour. "You've got to learn to handle the pressure," says Dr. Herb Krickstein of Grosse Pointe, Mich. His son, Aaron, won the national 16s this summer. "The better kids handle it. You think not many crack, but talking about it, I guess there are quite a few.

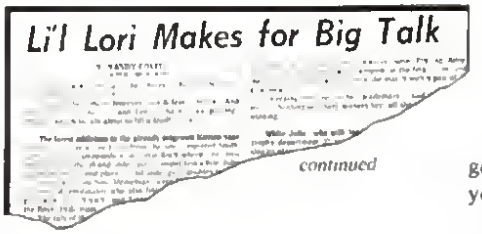
"Yet, these tennis prodigies don't come out of nowhere. The parents have to give them guidance. I don't *want* to say push. But Roland Jaeger would admit he pushed Andrea. I'll admit I push, too. If I don't think my kid is doing the right thing, I'll tell him about it." Or see to it that someone else does. Twice a month Aaron flies to Florida to work out at Bollettieri's academy for four or five days at a time.

Chris Green, a sophomore at Foothill College in Los Altos Hills, Calif., was ranked in the Top 25 nationally for much of his junior career. Once he watched a friend jump in a river and swim across it after he had lost a match in St. Louis. "Back then I never realized how many guys were going bonkers," he says. "We just laughed about it. The parents push the kids, force them to play, criticize

continued



. . . which Marilyn says left her feeling as if she were a nobody


Li'l Lori Makes for Big Talk
continued

them. You come home and it's the worst when you have to say, 'I didn't do well.' It's almost like the kid has no say. Those are the ones that crack."

The Kostens became involved in tennis accidentally, innocently, as is so frequently the case. Herb, Lori's father, was an athlete. He and Marilyn met at the University of Alabama, where Herb was All-Southeastern Conference in baseball for three years. In 1970, after 12 years of marriage and a struggle through hard times, things were looking up for Herb and Marilyn. He was successful in the construction business in Memphis. They belonged to a country club. They had a maid. Their older daughter, Julie, was 9, and Lori was 5.

As Marilyn was sitting by the country club pool one day that summer, the club pro came up to her and said, "Did you know that your daughter can really hit a tennis ball?" Marilyn asked if he would move a bit; he was blocking her sun. But being a dutiful mother, she took Julie to Tommy Buford, the Memphis State coach. After hitting a few balls, Buford jumped the net and told Julie, "You're going to win the state tournament!" Two years later, she did.

While Julie played, Lori banged balls against the house, occasionally breaking a window. She hit alone for hours. "We used to play mini-tennis out in the garage," Julie recalls. "Lori wanted to win so bad. She'd beg me to play. It was ridiculous. The racket was as big as she was."

Lori tagged along to Julie's tournaments. Pretty soon she was telling her father, "I can beat all of them." Finally, Herb and Marilyn entered her in a tournament. A man took one look at the half-pint and quipped, "She ought to be in diapers." Lori won.

In the summer of 1973 she faced Julie in the Memphis City girls' 12-and-under finals. Julie was so nervous she fainted during the match and defaulted. Immediately afterward, Lori, proud as she could be, ran up to the tournament director and asked him, "Can I have my trophy now?" Lori got so good so fast that before long Julie had to offer her sister $5 just to get her to hit with her. The Kostens had a prodigy.

As an 11-year-old Lori was short and a bit pudgy, but while the other girls just pushed the ball back, Lori blasted away and went for the lines. "I beat almost everybody 0 and 0," she says. "I didn't just beat them. I destroyed them."

She won the national 12-and-under indoor title and the Orange Bowl 12s in 1976 and the Orange Bowl 14s in '78. "I used to be into every point," says Lori. "People said, 'She plays every point like it's match point at Wimbledon.' I was never comfortable unless I was up 6–0, 5–0, 40-love."

Roland Jaeger remembers a final between Andrea and Lori when they were 12. Andrea seemed distracted. Later, Roland wanted to know why. Andrea shrugged. "I didn't think I could have won," she said. "Lori's still too good for me." But Andrea could forget her losses. As it developed, Lori never could.

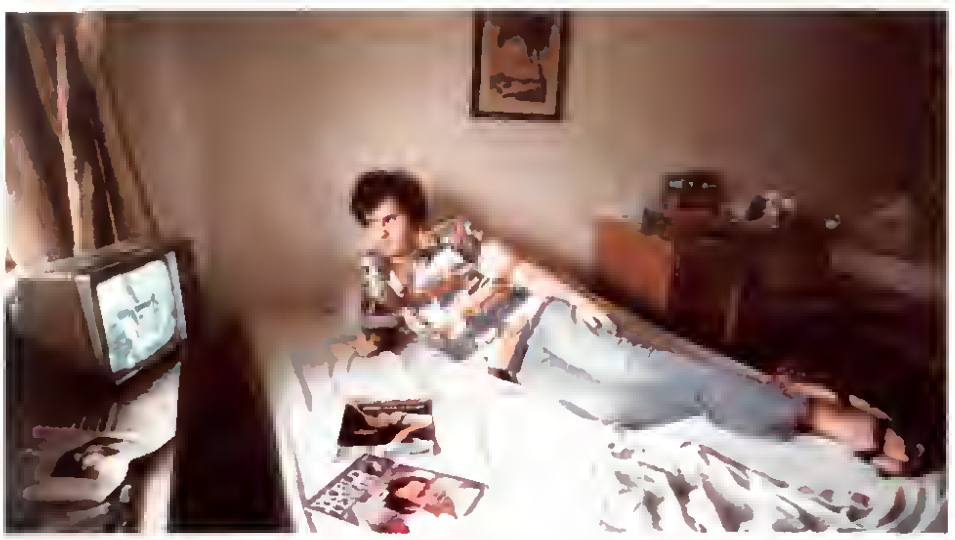
Of course, her downfall didn't happen all at once. Just as it takes time to build champions, their unraveling doesn't occur overnight. Through her 12th, 13th and most of her 14th years, Lori's titles piled up. During the 1976 Sugar Bowl tournament, Lori was introduced at halftime at a New Orleans Jazz basketball game in the Superdome. Two years later Eddie Sapir, a Kosten family friend, Billy Martin's lawyer and a confidant of Joe Namath's, introduced Lori to Leif Garrett when the teen idol was grand marshal at a "parade of champions" in New Orleans before the Ali-Spinks fight. She and Garrett became good buddies. One teen magazine captioned a picture of Lori "Women's Tennis Star." Namath wrote her letters of encouragement. She met other celebrities.

But Lori grew uncomfortable being at the top, at having—rather than simply trying—to win. After she won the national 12-and-under indoor title, she stayed in her room for two days, refusing interviews with local newspapers. Once friends at school asked about an article on her in the morning paper. After class Lori went home, found the story, ripped it into little pieces and threw the scraps on the floor of her parents' bedroom. She was starting to come apart.

Friends now talk about Lori's sensitivity, and it's true that any slight, real or imagined, brings a stricken look to her face. "Lori gets hurt easily," says Julie. "To me she was like a Brooke Shields. How can you lead a normal life? It was so competitive, sort of like who is going to break first. And it's worse with girls. They put more pressure on themselves than the guys."

Julie became accustomed to people

continued



Schoenfield was the finest U.S. junior player in 1975. Today he's living in a halfway house.



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Miss Kosten Claims Title In Net Play

continued

asking, "Are you the good one or the bad one?" But she stuck with tennis, crying after every loss. Then one day she didn't cry. "That's when I knew I didn't care anymore," she says. From then on, if she and Lori were playing the same event, Julie couldn't wait to get off the court so she could watch her sister.

Though she worked hard, Lori started playing with less confidence. New names were challenging her. Jaeger was making phenomenal progress. "It always seemed people were looking at me," says Lori. " 'Oh, there's Lori Kosten.' Always judging you, watching you. I'd go to tournaments and I'd hope for rain. Here I was, seeded No. 1, and I couldn't stand the thought of playing."

A significant turn in Lori's career came at the U.S. Open when she was 13. Her father had brought her there to watch the matches as a reward for a fine summer. He believed, with good reason, that his daughter could hold her own with 60% of the women in the tournament. He, Lori, Marilyn and Jaeger were walking out of the stadium after a match when Bollettieri came up to them and said he was opening a tennis academy in Florida. Would Lori come? She could live in his house. Two other top juniors, Anne White and Jimmy Arias, would be among the students.

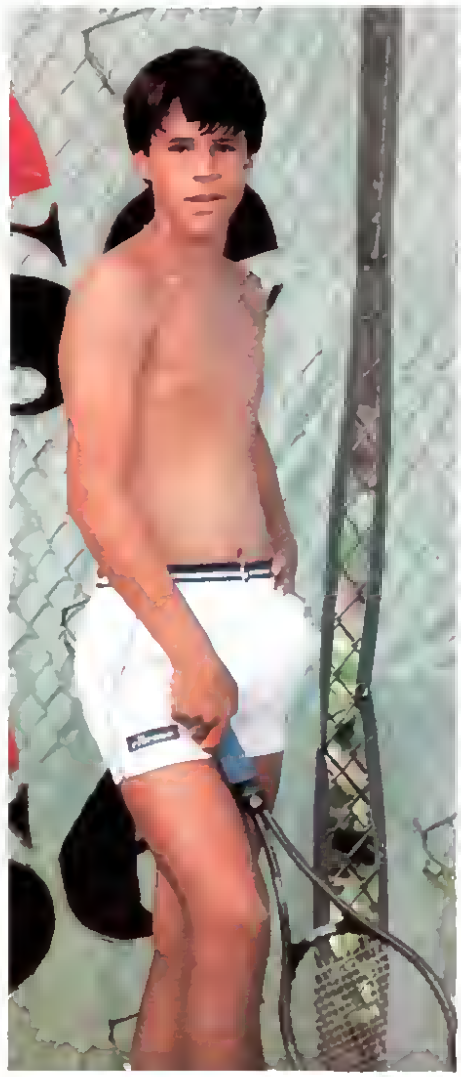
"Please let me go," Lori said to her father. "Please, please, please."

It sounded great. Tennis every day, against the country's best, with expert instruction, in Florida no less. The Kostens said yes. At the time Buford was working with Lori on her strokes. Herb provided moral and tactical support. Whenever Lori played, she knew where daddy was standing. By enrolling at Bollettieri's, Lori was losing the two most important influences in her life.

Now everyone agrees that going to Florida was a mistake. Says Buford, "It bothered me because I knew it would end up with her either making it, or it would kill her." Adds Herb, "It was wrong because, especially in women's tennis, all the ones who make it have a close relationship with someone. Lori wound up missing that. There's no question I let her make too many decisions when she was young, but that doesn't mean I was wrong. That's how I am with everybody in my family." While Herb is talking he's driving his wife's white Eldorado. Beside him Marilyn sits rigidly, staring straight ahead. Back when Lori was struggling with tennis, Marilyn had decisions to make about her own life.

Herb and Marilyn are opposites in almost every way, from looks to temperament. He is a patient, low-key, everyday kind of guy. She's petrified by hospitals, doctors, failing and messy confrontations. Marilyn has a youthful figure. Herb's hair is thinning, and his athlete's body has swelled. Marilyn wears fashionable clothes and diets fastidiously. Herb is a walking rummage sale.

As the girls became more and more involved in tennis, so did Herb. He played. He worked with the state tennis association. He became an umpire. (Herb called the Jimmy Connors-Guillermo Vilas semifinal match at this year's U.S. Open.) He helped coach his daughters. "Herb's an athlete, and athletes understand other athletes," says Marilyn. "He would say to me, 'Just take care of Lori's clothes and her hair, and I'll take care of the rest.' That's hard, mentally, to be left out. It was: 'Don't get in the way.' My feelings were hurt. I wanted so much to help. But they were athletes. Just keep her pretty, they said." Marilyn reacted by staying away when Lori played. "The fences around the court started to look like prison walls to me," she says.



Twice a month Krickstein, U.S. 16s champ, flies from Michigan to Florida to practice.

At the Sugar Bowl tournament in 1975, while Lori played in the finals, Marilyn drove her car around the park adjacent to the courts, returning occasionally to ask Herb the score. She could do so without getting out of the car. Finally, he became exasperated. "Listen, either stay or leave," he said. Marilyn thought for a moment and then stepped on the gas. The car rammed into the fence alongside Lori's court. Marilyn says she thought the car was in reverse.

At one tournament Marilyn saw a father smash his son's head against a tree after the boy lost. She watched as parents fought. She saw children cheat. It never made sense. "I thought it was degrading," Marilyn says. "Everybody was concerned about Lori. She was running the show. No one was saying, 'What about Marilyn?' I was proud to be Lori's mother, but people thought I was a nobody. I said, 'I'm not a tennis mother. And I'm not going to do what I'm *supposed* to do.' "

Marilyn started taking art classes.

continued



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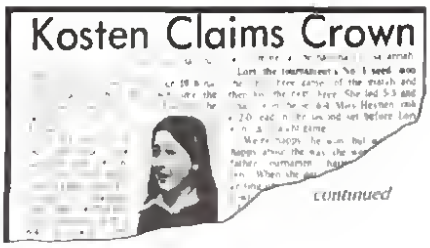
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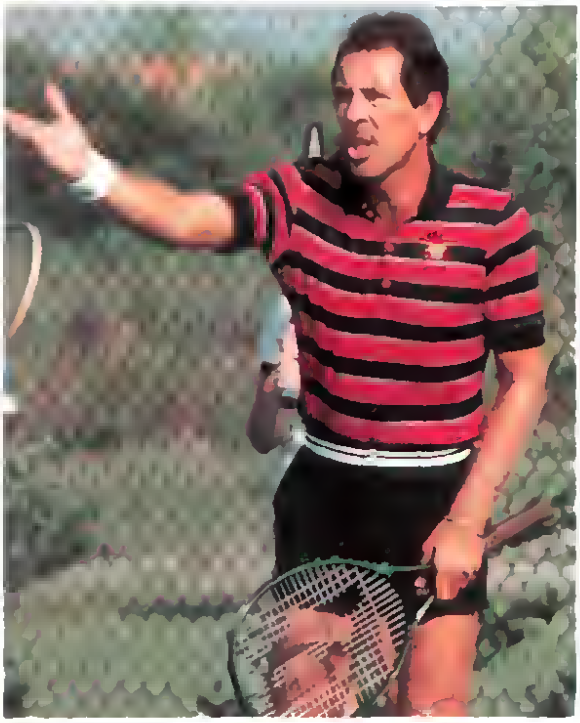
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Kosten Claims Crown

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She began talking about "honesty," a marriage alarm signal if ever there was one. She discovered the passionate films of the Italian director, Lina Wertmuller. Sports bored her, she told friends. She fantasized about running away to Greenwich Village. Instead, she designed a tennis dress. At a tournament she showed it to Tracy Austin, who loved it. Marilyn started a company, Little Miss Tennis, and designed its dresses. When Austin burst onto the national scene, she wore Marilyn's dresses. The company took off. Marilyn had her own business. She was a person, too.


Bollettieri says tennis parents are out of control.

Howard Schoenfield, now 24, won virtually every tournament he entered in 1975, including the national 18-and-under championship. Later that year he had a breakdown and entered a mental hospital for several months. Howard currently lives in a halfway house on the outskirts of Jacksonville, suffering from a mental illness his psychiatrists have been unable to diagnose with any certainty. Twice a month he has to take an injection of Prolixin, a drug to relieve severe anxiety, agitation and psychotic behavior. Residents with zombielike stares shuffle around the grounds outside the converted whitewashed motel, and teen-agers driving by scream cruel epithets at them. A tennis-court construction company is next door.

The Schoenfields were a tennis family through and through. Howard's father, Leslie, was a renowned physician at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. When Howard was 13, Jack Kramer evaluated his game in Los Angeles. Shortly thereafter, the Schoenfields moved to Beverly Hills, largely so that Howard could play with the best. "It was a classic case of the tail wagging the dog, rather than the dog wagging the tail," says Dr. Simon Levit, Howard's uncle. "Of course, tennis affected Howard. There's no question about it."

When Howard was 16, his mother killed herself. He was shattered by her death. Levit says Howard's mother couldn't cope with the tremendous change in her life. According to him, the family had been happy in Minnesota. Suddenly they were living a vastly different lifestyle in California.

After his hospitalization ended in 1976, Howard practiced tennis for five days and then told his coach, Paul Cohen, that he wanted to defend his national title. In the semifinals Howard lost a two-hour match to Larry Gottfried, Brian's brother. Following the match, Cohen carried Howard back to the hotel. He couldn't walk because his feet were so blistered. Cohen says Howard's performance that day was the most courageous thing he has ever witnessed.

Soon afterward, Jane and Winder Hughes of Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla. met him at a tournament, befriended him and sponsored him on the pro tour for two years. "It was junior tennis that affected Howard," says Jane. "That did it. There was nothing else wrong with him. He thought so, too. He was worn out from the pressure. He always said, 'Why don't they let me rest? That's what I need—rest.' "

Today Howard has nothing but rest. His hair is bushy, and he wears the same shirt, shorts and sandals every day. "I felt pressure as a kid," he says. "Expectations were pretty high, and you had to succeed. It kind of gets to you. But I loved the pressure. It felt good. Right now I don't feel a damn thing. I'm just a vegetable."

Two years ago Howard seemed to be making progress. He won a $50,000 pro tournament in Tulsa, beating Bob Lutz along the way. But seven months later he was back in a hospital. "I don't care if people know about me," says Howard. "Everybody in tennis knows anyway. I just don't have anything to protect anymore—no self-pride, nothing. People say *I* look fine, that *I* act fine, but *I* still feel rotten. It's really depressing here. I can't sleep. Nothing can hurt me because I don't have anything left."

Howard would like to begin playing tennis again, but, he says, "It would surprise me if I could come back." He pauses and then adds, "My father pushed me, but maybe you shouldn't write that. It might upset him." Howard's father, now the head of the gastroenterology department at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles, hesitates to connect his son's illness with tennis, although he admits he cannot rule it out. Both of Howard's brothers have made it through adolescence unscathed. Mark, 23, was graduated from Yale and was a member of the varsity wrestling team, and Steve, 21, attends Cal State-Northridge. Neither played serious tennis.

Howard's father and a psychiatrist who treated Howard believe the death of his mother—not tennis—precipitated his illness. Moreover, the mother had a history of mental illness. Two of Howard's most steadfast supporters during his ordeal have been his paternal grandparents, Harriet and Morey Schoenfield of Davie, Fla. The grandparents still have hope he will some day get back into tennis. They have told him that if he demonstrates a show of good faith by jogging 10 miles a day for a month, they will take him in,

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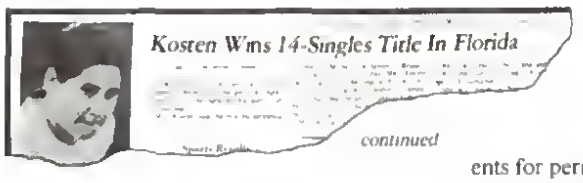
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oversee his training and accompany him on the pro circuit.

While Marilyn Kosten was coping with the problems of being a tennis mother, her daughter's world was disintegrating. At Bollettieri's academy, where Lori lived from September 1978 until January 1979 and from January through May of 1980, she was in an environment in which everyone had talent. Frequently she'd telephone home, her voice tight with anxiety. "I lost to a girl today who's a nobody," she would wail. Recalls Bollettieri, "Lori would win the first set, be 1–1 in the second and get sick. She was afraid of losing. Then the injuries would start."

Always it was something. At one tournament her eyes bothered her, and she had to take out her contact lenses, which left her almost blind. On another occasion, after winning a match, she suddenly felt as if she couldn't breathe, and she collapsed. A bystander gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. In Miami she suffered leg cramps and was rushed to the hospital. The doctors phoned her parents for permission to administer revitalizing injections. In the background Marilyn could hear Lori yelling, "Not in my tennis arm."

People started gossiping. In Mission Viejo, Calif., Lori got sick and threw up all over her rackets. In Dallas, playing in blistering heat, she fainted. An ambulance was called. Lori was adamant about not going to the hospital. Tournament officials insisted Lori became hysterical. She couldn't stand losing. She couldn't stand getting sick. She couldn't stand people talking about her.

In Chattanooga, facing a state rival, Lori began hallucinating. She thought she was at Wimbledon. Watching her sister suffer, Julie burst into tears. But no one said quit. Lori won the match. Winners don't quit. Quitters don't win.

"If I did win a tournament, I'd be happy for a day," says Lori, "but then it would start all over. It made me so mad because I couldn't stand the people talking like I was nuts or something. I felt abandoned."

At Bollettieri's, the competition was intense, and all the students were affected by it. One of the stars, another young girl, who's now on the pro tour, became more and more manic. She was running a low-grade fever and complained that the instructors didn't work her enough. Suddenly she would dash outside and start skipping rope furiously. One afternoon she picked up 10 rackets and threw them out the door. Lori asked why. "I told them," the girl shrieked, "to string them at 80 [pounds], not 70." Finally, the girl started experiencing what must have been delusions of grandeur. She said to another student, "Get out of here. You're not good enough to be in the same room with me."

About this time Herb told Marilyn to take down a plaque that was hanging in the kitchen. On it were inscribed the words attributed to Vince Lombardi: WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING, IT'S THE ONLY THING.

"Why take it down?" Marilyn asked.

"Because Lori has read it enough," replied Herb. Bollettieri, too, sensed Lori's deterioration. "Lori definitely had the physical equipment to be a top pro," he says. "But she had always felt so much pressure to win that she got to the point where she couldn't cope with losses to girls she had beaten. When she couldn't adjust the bottom fell out." One day Bollettieri told Lori that being No. 1 wasn't the most important thing in the world. Lori was horrified by such blasphemy. "If I couldn't become number one," she said, "I wouldn't want to play." Then she walked away.

"I couldn't figure out what was happening," says Lori. "I knew I had the talent. Tennis meant everything because I always wanted to be different, not just a school kid. Maybe it would have helped not to be so good. I had so much so young. Seven years old, and they were already making me into something. Then I took the fall I never expected."

By the time she began her second stint at Bollettieri's, Lori's star had begun to wane. She was 15 and was coming off a No. 3 national ranking in the 14s, a disappointment. More and more good players were enrolling at the academy. "It hurt so bad," says Lori. "It bothered me when the press would interview kids and I wouldn't be the one." Some students teased her. "Oh Lori," they would say, thumbing through old tennis books, "did you win the Orange Bowl?"

"Before, I was always better than them," she says. "Now I was being

continued



The Wardes, both U.S. champs who quit the game, soon may have a tough decision on their hands.

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Kosten Wins Title

LITTLE ROCK — Lori Kosten won the girls 12 and under championship here yesterday for her best career victory, a 6-3 win over Andrea Jaeger in the Midwest Easter Bowl tournament. M... *continued* ...er is ranked ... nationally.

looked down on. Oh yeah, they improved. They got good. But they had areas to improve on. Nothing was satisfying, because I had already done it. My world had reversed." She was No. 3 in the country, and she was a failure. She started telling people, "I feel like killing myself." Says Lori now, "I didn't think about it once; I thought about it a million times."

pictures of family outings: fishing in the Keys, water skiing, rafting, windsurfing. Jennifer took many of the snapshots.

Over the years Jennifer and Lori suffered similar despair as their rankings slipped. In July 1981, Jennifer, 17 at the time, played the national girls' 18-and-under clay-court championships. After almost every point she would whisper to Lori through the fence, "Do I look fat?" Jennifer was in the first stages of anorexia nervosa, a disease that leaves victims so obsessed with their weight that they have been known to starve themselves to death. The malady usually strikes goal-oriented teen-age girls who are struggling with their identities. It frequently afflicts tennis players. In fact, when Jennifer told college coaches about her ailment, they weren't surprised. More than one had already had an anorexic girl on his team.



In 1976 Amdur was ranked 10th in the country in the 12s. Last May she committed suicide

Jennifer Amdur and Lori hit it off right away. Lori called her "Bambi", Jennifer dubbed Lori "Cutie." Jennifer was the youngest child of a Miami eye surgeon, Dr. Joseph Amdur, and his wife, Phyllis, and she enjoyed the benefits of an upper-middle-class environment, loving parents and an exceptional talent for tennis. The Amdurs are a tennis family. Jennifer's brother Bobby, 23, was a Division III All-America at Swarthmore. Her sister Libby, 21, is captain of the women's team at Tulane. But Joseph and Phyllis didn't let tennis dominate their lives. Their home is filled with happy, effervescent

"I understand how Jenny felt," says Lori. "She replaced one obsession, tennis, with another. I went through the same thing—losing weight. People would say, 'Lori, you're losing too much weight.' I would say, 'Oh no, I've got to lose more.' "

Within a few months after the national clay courts, Jennifer's weight dropped to 81 pounds, 50 below normal. She grew more despondent. Twice she tried to kill herself with pills. She entered a hospital for three months, and was under the care of psychiatrists. Last May, while alone in the house, Jennifer patiently searched for the bolt and shells to an old deer-hunting shotgun. After she found them she carefully assembled the gun. Then she went into a closet in her room and shot herself in the head.

When her father returned home he changed into his tennis clothes. He had a game with a friend on the family's backyard court. Before long, Amdur began feeling uneasy. Jennifer usually came out to watch, to kibitz, to kid him about his lack of grace. He went inside. But no sign of his daughter. Apprehensive, Amdur searched the rooms until he saw the closet door ajar. Inside Jennifer lay dead.

Amdur has wracked his brain. Did tennis help kill his daughter? Amdur never pushed Jennifer. If she practiced, fine. If not, he was disappointed but never said anything. When she lost, he never chastised her. Instead he said, "It's O.K. If you'd practiced, you would have won."

Jennifer's psychiatrist doesn't think the game had anything to do with her death, but many of the family's tennis friends are convinced that it did. "Only Jennifer and God know," says Amdur. "If tennis did it, that's a terrible thing for me to live with. Jenny's life was tennis and success. Maybe when she lost that identity, she had nothing left."

Lori cried for days when she heard about Jennifer's suicide. She understood better than the others. Says Lori, "If you keep reaching back for your past, it'll drive you crazy."

In 1966 Jake Warde of Denver was ranked No. 1 in the U.S. in the boys 12s for the second straight year. Warde walked away from tennis at 16. "One day I couldn't serve," he says. "The nerves, this time they wouldn't go away." Shortly thereafter he lost in the first round of the nationals. Dazed, he started trying to thumb a ride, no destination in mind. He just had to get away. Friends found him sitting on a curb, staring. It was his last junior tournament.

Warde's story is especially germane because his wife, Eliza Pande, also was a junior tennis player who quit the game.

continued

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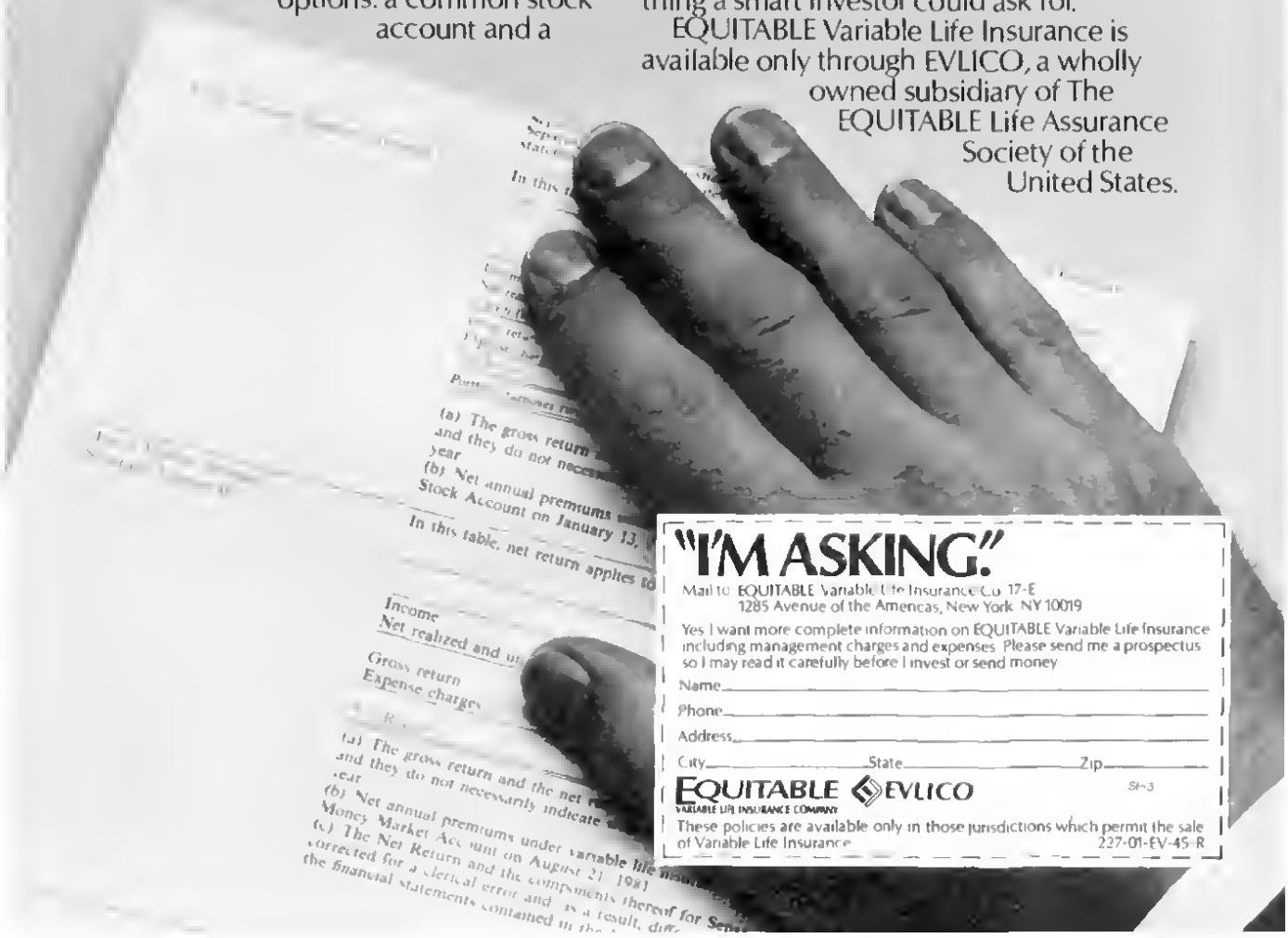
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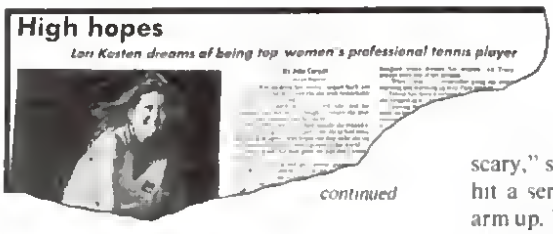
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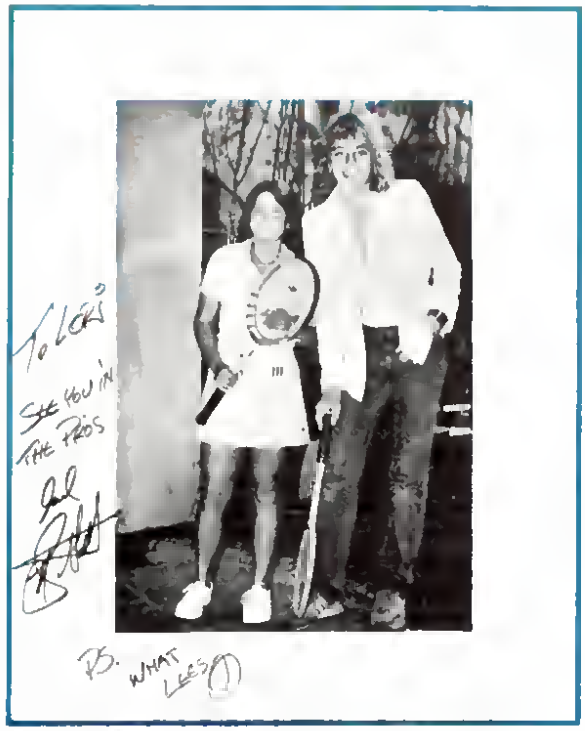
They met at Stanford. Eliza, like Lori, had been a phenom. In 1969 she defeated Evert Lloyd in the finals of the U.S. Girls 16-and-under Championships. At 18 Eliza won a pro tournament and two rounds at Wimbledon. Then, while playing for the women's team in college her freshman year, she realized "there were other things besides tennis in the world. Winning was all tied into being the perfect person. I had no choices. To get a different perspective, I had to quit and almost go through a deprogramming. I always saw myself as a championship tennis player. That was my identity and I lost it."

The Wardes, who live in Palo Alto, Calif., have both returned to tennis, though on a much lower level. They play a few local tournaments each year, and Eliza is coach of the women's team at Santa Clara University. Jake works as a sales and marketing representative for a publishing company. They have a 10-month-old son, Eben. Jake has fantasized about the boy becoming a pro tennis player.

One day in August 1980, while riding on a bus to the national girls 18s in Middlebury, Conn., Lori made her decision to quit tennis. This would be her last tournament. She was tired of living on yesterdays. Her father was waiting for her in Middlebury, and she told him what she had decided.

Still she had a tournament to play. In the second round, Lori, who was unseeded, faced one of the best players in the tournament, and a remarkable thing happened. Her game returned. It was the old Lori, the fighter with the punishing ground strokes. She cruised through the first set and led 4–2 in the second. "It was scary," she recalls. "And then I went to hit a serve and I couldn't even put my arm up. I served *underhanded*. I went to hit a backhand, and the ball went about a foot. It was like my muscles had gone."

After losing the second set 7–6, Lori retired at 0–2 in the third. "I walked to the sidelines and threw up in a towel," she says. "I couldn't believe it. The old Lori had come back for a time, but did I really want it, did I really want to keep on going? Or did I want to go home and be set free from all of this? To be normal? I walked off the court and said to my dad, 'Let's go.' What had happened, not being able to serve, the feeble backhand, the throwing up, proved it. I didn't want this anymore. It was over."



Garrett was right about the gams but probably wrong about the future

For nearly two years Lori barely touched a racket. Through her sophomore and junior years in high school she was an everyday kid. She went on a school trip to Washington, she attended the prom, she ran cross-country. "You've quit tennis," her father said. "What are you going to replace it with?"

"I didn't quit tennis to replace it with anything," Lori said. "I quit for me."

Last year Lori said, "I realize now there is so much more to living. I don't ever have to play again to be happy. Who cares what the rest of the world thinks? That used to be my whole life."

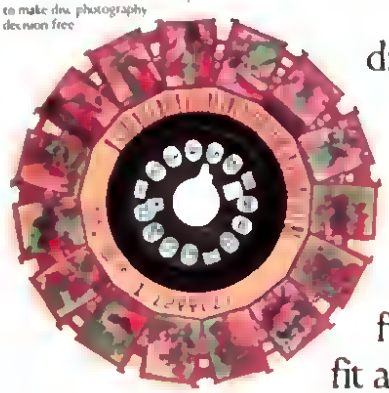
One afternoon in 1981 Lori walked into the living room, where her father was watching Jaeger play Bettina Bunge on TV. "I've beaten both of them," Lori announced with a smile, and then walked out of the room. Another day, Lori sat in her bedroom, the scrapbook and pictures in front of her. As she thumbed through the articles, Lori sounded like an adult recalling her youth. "Here they called me a child prodigy," she said, holding up a story. "Back then I was a chubby little girl with all the guts in the world. Here's me and Bettina at the Orange Bowl. Here's Andrea. I guess people wouldn't have written this stuff if I wasn't something." Once a junior champion, always a junior champion.

Last May—21 months after she had left tennis and nine days before Jennifer killed herself—Lori was sitting in psychology class at Ridgeway High in Memphis when it came to her. "All of a sudden, I had all the confidence in the world," she says. "I can still play. Once I wanted to die, but now I know living can be wonderful. I've proven I can live without tennis. Why fight it? My talent is tennis. Now I want a challenge."

Lori was going back, this time as an underdog—unranked, unseeded and, she says, unafraid. Over the last five months she has played several local and national tournaments, winning a round here and there, slowly regaining her form. Her father is hopeful. Her mother says Lori's outlook has never been better. Bollettieri thinks if she returned to him with a new attitude, she could be on the pro tour within two years. Listen closely, and you may be able to hear the whistling in the dark. **END**

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On The Scene

by HARRY MIDDLETON

THE CAMP PROVIDES A CHANCE TO TAKE THE SWAMP'S PULSE, AND ONE'S OWN

It is November, a week before the opening of the deer season in the Atchafalaya Swamp deep in the Louisiana delta country. The winter rains have not yet begun and the land, covered with dead and dying leaves as varied as stars, is a mix of browns and shades of gold. The sun hangs low in the autumn sky, giving way to a full winter moon, bright and white. I have come to the camp in the swamp a week early to set things straight, clean up and eject the rats, snakes, plump spiders and other squatters. Selfishness has also brought me into the swamp early, for I very much like autumn here among the cypress trees and prowling bobcats and foxes. Autumn is a season the swamp wears beautifully, and I want to enjoy it for a time before the shooting starts.

I spent the morning cleaning out the wood stove and the afternoon following a deer's trail just to see through what country it would lead me. This evening was divided evenly between putting together a new bunk bed and new shelves and walking back into Big Bayou to watch the wood ducks rise with the moon and fill the evening with their plaintive whistle.

Although this place is called the camp, it is perhaps undeserving of the name. It isn't a shack, hut, cabin, lean-to or even a tent. Seen from a distance up the old logging road, it resembles a large sandwich bag, if anything. As structures go, the camp is simple, yet sturdy, secure and to everyone's liking. It is 12 feet by 12 feet and constructed of four old telephone poles dug in as securely as logs can be in the swamp's shifting, sinking earth. It has a roof of tin sheets taken from a deserted trapper's cabin now occupied only by honeysuckle vine and wild hackberry, and an old door frame made of young oaks that were splintered by lightning in a violent August thunderstorm. There is no bolt on the door, only a piece of wire hung loosely around a nail. The camp's walls are not walls at all, but long, wide strips of plastic nailed to the corner telephone poles and tucked under the sheets of tin. These walls are like windows through which the swamp enters in its every mood. This is a camp that truly puts a man in the woods rather than isolating him from them.

On cold winter mornings, fog seeps under the walls and the makeshift door, filling the camp like so much lacy spider webbing. Two discarded oil drums were used to make the double-barreled wood stove that sits on a platform of stones at the center of the floor. It is a hardy stove and can quickly burn out the chill of a December night and fill the camp with the warm and sweet smell of smoldering ash and oak. The floor is packed dirt that's swept every morning after the cook fire outside the door is lit and the coffee

ILLUSTRATION BY SAUL LAMBERT



started. This is how it should be; the swamp is no place for linoleum. The camp's furnishings are modest, austere—an old brown card table, well-seasoned logs for chairs, three sets of bunk beds built from whatever lumber was available, cabinets made from old fruit and vegetable boxes, an odd assortment of pots and pans, tin plates, utensils, two Coleman cookstoves for times when heavy weather forces life indoors, three lanterns and fuel.

The camp sits in a small hollow in the thick swamp, perhaps three miles from the highway that leads to Krotz Springs and Baton Rouge, and half a mile from the small bayous known as Twin Sloughs. The old logging road that runs by the camp is now hardly more than a path. Young willows, poplars and oaks have already begun to reclaim it. The Atchafalaya River cuts through the swamp as it bends and twists toward the Gulf. Having a river nearby gives the camp an added dimension of wildness and isolation. In Louisiana, boundaries between land and water are forever shifting—nothing is fixed or lasting. Land is always at once rising and being sucked under, vanishing. When the rains come the camp is quickly reduced to an island amid a hundred lakes and sloughs, a sanctuary from the rising water for ducks and geese and cold hunters.

Passing years have made the camp less of an intrusion into the swamp than it once was. Now it seems to be as much a part of the landscape as the red-bellied woodpeckers, duckweed, the wandering deer and the raccoon tracks down by the river. In the spring, jewelweed and wild orchids bloom at the camp's doorstep and foxes sniff at the plastic walls by night looking for a way in, a way to the bacon. In the hot, still days of August, when the swamp is dry, there are cypress knees behind the camp as old perhaps as the swamp itself, knees taller than a man. Down the old logging road is a thicket of dewberry where the deer stop to browse on their way to drink at the river. In February, the swamp is an endless string of lakes, ponds, sloughs, pools. It is a damp, wet world alive with the flash of thousands of wings and the sounds of chatty ducks and herons, egrets and rails. The woodcock's mysterious evening song, fields of yellow-backed Banana Spiders seemingly hung in midair on their immense webs, deer feeding in the open soybean fields nearby on frozen winter mornings—all this and so much more is given freely at the camp's door, an invitation to become a participant in the natural world rather than being merely an observer, a chance to feel the swamp's pulse as well as your own.

Tonight, the fire lit, coffee on, bedroll spread, I am content to listen to the barred owls bark down by the river and stare at the moon. Perhaps there will be geese tonight, tight wedges of them flying across the moon, pulling December and January behind them. That would be something, something indeed. If I see them, it will be a sign of winter. Tomorrow will be colder. END

Reminiscence

by TED SMILEY

A BOYHOOD SPRING THAT COULDN'T BE WHIPPED GOT HOPPING WITH 28 TOADS

The spring of 1924—possibly it was 1925, but I think not—was enlivened for the small boys of Franklin, Pa. by three events: a philanthropist advertised in my father's newspaper that he would pay a penny each for toads delivered to him alive and happy (they were to be used in medical experiments, but we didn't know that at the time); the good ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, flushed with the success of their victory five years before over Demon Rum, began a national war to the death with Devil Nicotine; and a silent adventure movie starring either Doug Fairbanks or Richard Talmadge came to town.

These three seemingly unrelated events became intertwined in my life in a manner I've never forgotten, especially when cold weather sends twinges into my football knee, my baseball elbow, my golfer's hip and my whipster's rump. I acquired the rump in 1924 at age eight.

The toad fancier turned out to be a veritable mother lode for a couple of hundred boys. He also caused something of a crisis at the Franklin Hotel. Small boys didn't usually receive a warm welcome at the hotel. But when they came in hordes, clutching shoeboxes loaded with squirming, warty hoptoads, they inspired a frenzy in the hotel manager. He took to rushing at the boys, waving his arms and screaming, "Get out, out." Inevitably, shoeboxes were dropped, and months later unsuspecting guests still were waking in the middle of the night to find bulbous-eyed toads sharing their pillows. The manager vanished from the hotel. When the toad man left town, he had enriched me by 28¢. The amount of energy expended in catching and delivering 28 toads would have mowed our lawn a dozen times over. But I had 28¢. And with that huge sum, I intended to buy 28 feet of quarter-inch rawhide.

That spring, the WCTU had launched its widespread anti-tobacco crusade in the public schools. Speakers went from classroom to classroom, telling horror stories and showing pictures of ravaged victims of the filthy cigarette habit. One of their statistics made a big impression on me and my schoolmates: "A drop of nicotine placed on the tongue will kill a cat in seven seconds."

As a result, thousands of boy-hours were spent swiping various forms of tobacco, from Mail Pouch to cigars and cigarettes, boiling it down in a primitive attempt to manufacture pure nicotine and trying to capture cats. Anyone who never has tried to run down a terrified cat and get it to stick out its tongue has missed an edifying experience. To the best of my memory no cats suffered serious injury, and Franklin's feline population more than made up for any discomfort its members underwent by clawing large chunks of skin from its tormentors.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUART GOLDENBERG



Paradoxically, at the same time we were reacting unfavorably to the anti-nicotine drive where cats were concerned, most of us were developing a Puritanical determination to stamp out smoking among our adult acquaintances and family members. My father enjoyed his pipe and an occasional cigar, and I conceived it my duty to hide these objects of the devil, until one night a pointed hint at dinner persuaded me that safety lay in the cessation of such activities.

Toad hunting and anti-tobacco crusading swept through Franklin's preteen society like wind-driven flame, but their fires were superficial compared to the social conflagration caused by the Fairbanks (or Talmadge) movie.

In this epic, the hero performed miraculous feats with a 30-foot rawhide whip that had us youngsters gasping with awe and envy. He could wrap the tip around a branch near the top of a tree in such a way that it held until he could climb up the whip's length and disengage it. With his whip he could pluck a revolver from one villain's hip holster and a knife from a second villain's hand, and then, without changing stance, snatch a girl from the back of a runaway horse and bring her undamaged into his arms. If he wanted a smoke, he could snake the whip clear across a busy street, take a cigar from the fingers of a man about to light up and bring the trophy back to his own lips.

One scene in the movie remains crystal-clear in my memory: Fairbanks/Talmadge is clinging to a windowsill near the top of a castle, while far, far below a mountain stream foams around jagged rocks. The hero, peering through the window, sees the villain clutching the heroine and about to—*horrors!*—kiss her. But wait! Fairbanks/Talmadge had his trusty whip! Holding to the sill with one hand, he drew his other arm back and then brought it swiftly forward. While the small fry in the nickel seats shouted their delight, the whip wrapped itself around the villain's neck. The hero pulled, the bad guy staggered across the room to the window and through it, and we yelled with joy as we watched his body spinning down to death on the rocks below.

Every small boy in town saw that movie at least once, and predictably therafter, we had to have whips! And thanks to the toad man, we got them: lengths of rawhide attached to foot-long pieces of wood sawed from broom handles. The movie captions had said the hero's whip was 30 feet long. Mine was 28 feet, which was close enough. For the most part, the whips were shorter, depending on how many toads the whipster had sold. Regardless, the Spring of the Whip was a time of pain and fear for some, including dogs and any cats who had not learned to avoid boys during the anti-smoking crusade, and a time of arrogant fulfillment for those who became masters of the rawhide.

Mastering the whip, which had seemed so simple in the movie, turned out to be very difficult. The beginner was far more apt to lash his face or ankles than send the strip of rawhide uncoiling toward a target 25 or 30 feet away. Compared with controlling a rawhide whip, dry-fly casting is child's play.

continued

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Still, most of us did learn to be at least modestly adept with the whip. Some of us were pretty good, and a few became expert. One of the best features of the whip was that it was easy to hide. The rolled-up rawhide fit into the right-hand hip pocket, with the handle sticking out but invisible to anyone approaching the whipster from the front.

The standard whipster's tactic was to walk a dozen steps past the passerby and then whirl, draw whip from pocket and make an overhand cast. If the victim had gone blithely on his way, the first he would know of the whip would come when a searing pain bit deep into his body right where his corduroy knickers were tightest. To the whipster it was hilarious to hear the target let out a screech and leap a foot into the air, back arched, grabbing frantically at the seat of his trousers. It reached the point where no boy knowingly would turn his back on any other boy. If we wanted the fun of snapping the whip at an unwary friend, we had to crouch behind the corners of school buildings. Make no mistake, those whips were dangerous. It was a miracle that no one lost an eye or sustained other serious injury, but the worst that happened were two- or three-inch-long welts and a little blood when the skin was broken.

It took what seemed like hundreds of hours of practice before I dared adopt the swaggering strut affected by the movie hero and which, by unspoken agreement, we boys allowed only experts with the whip to use. My practice target was the utility pole in front of our house on Elk Street. At first I was content to hit the pole with the tip of the whip, or, in another exercise, wrap six feet of whip around it. The next step was to chalk circles on the pole to hit with the tip or to roll up pieces of paper and stick them in cracks in the wood to be flicked out and brought back to me by skillful whippery.

I became good enough so that I could snatch from the pole a cigarette-sized roll of paper from as far away as my 28-foot whip would reach—the length of my arms, the whip handle and the rawhide, perhaps 31 feet. I never did become as good as Bobby Moyar, who could stick a kitchen match in the pole, retreat 30 feet or so, flick out his whip and light the match. To us that was a greater feat than the one performed by the movie hero, who had used his whip to snuff out a sputtering fuse and forestall an explosion that would have blown up the heroine.

The school year was drawing to a close, and the evenings were long and hot. The college boys were home, and a pop-eyed banjo player was making a nuisance of himself cluttering up our front porch and singing off-key to my sister who swung in the hammock. And she, for heaven's sake, encouraged him! He wore a college blazer, a straw hat, a bow tie, white flannel trousers and black patent-leather shoes. He parted his hair in the middle and smoked Fatima cigarettes held in a white holder. He tried to disguise his loathing of me by showing lots of teeth and affecting a hearty joviality in my presence. He made me cringe.



As the school year ended, the WCTU campaign against tobacco reached its climax with a deluge of literature flooding every home. Speaker after speaker hounded schoolchildren to pledge themselves not to smoke or drink—I believe those of us who took the pledge were allowed to wear a white ribbon—and anti-nicotine meetings were scheduled all over town. I regret to say that I took it all in and became as sanctimonious a little pup as there was in Franklin.

I was sitting behind the lilac bushes at the end of the front porch when my sister and the banjo player got back from one of the meetings. I remember thinking that now he wouldn't be poisoning the air with his cigarettes and that he would probably live to a ripe old age, which didn't create any enthusiasm in me, but made me feel very pious and righteous.

A few moments later my smug feeling of forgiveness changed to outrage. The banjo player reached into his blazer and took out a cigarette case. From another pocket he took out his cigarette holder. He took a cigarette from the case, put it in the holder and put the holder in his mouth. From yet another pocket he took a box of safety matches, picked out a match and struck it. He was sitting on the top step of the porch, in profile to me. As match approached cigarette. . . .

The whip fiend struck.

My hand went to my hip pocket. With a quick shake I uncoiled the rawhide, and without consciously aiming, I let all the practice I'd put in do its stuff.

The whip snaked around the side of the lilac bushes and over the steps. Its tip circled the white tube of paper just as though it were sticking from a crack in the utility pole. I gave the "come-back" wrist flick, and the unlighted cigarette flew across the yard to me. The banjo player was left, holder in mouth, lighted match in hand, but with no cigarette to light. Talk about commotion. . . .

The banjo player let out a squawk, my sister gave a shriek, I muttered, "Oh, golly," and started to run. They never caught me, but eventually I had to come home.

My father, who had been forced by prohibition to give up his customary hock and port with his meals, blamed it on the WCTU My mother blamed it on the evil influence of the movies.

After the banjo player had taken his disgruntled departure, my sister staggered into the house and everyone thought she was having hysterics; it turned out that the whoops, screams and tears were whoops, screams and tears of laughter. When at last she could talk, she gasped that never had she seen anything so funny as the expression on the banjo player's face when the cigarette was snatched from him and he was left with the holder in his mouth and the lighted match in his hand.

Dad confiscated my whip for a week and then gave it back on my promise never to use it against any living thing. After that I lost interest in it, and when the next movie I saw showed the hero performing dizzying feats around the rigging of a ship, I decided to become an acrobat and started learning to walk on my hands and do back flips. **END**

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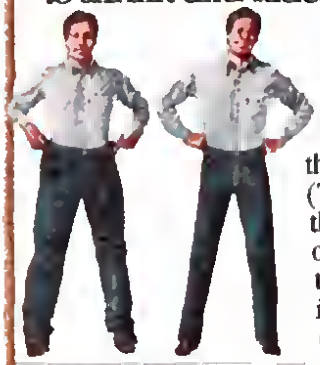
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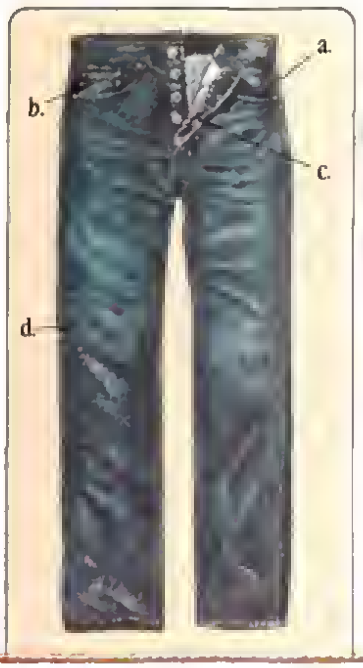
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 25-31

Compiled by ARMEN KETEYIAN

BASKETBALL—The spotlight shone mainly on old faces in new places as the NBA opened its 37th season. Erstwhile Rocket Moses Malone Philadelphia's new hope, had 21 points and 17 rebounds in an opening night 104–89 victory over the New York Knicks, who got 23 points in just 25 minutes from Bernard King, late of Golden State. In San Antonio former Chicago Bull Center Artis Gilmore opened with a 20-point, 16-rebound performance against Utah and followed that with seven points in the last six minutes against Portland. The Spurs won both games. In Milwaukee, former Celtic Dave Cowens contributed eight points in just 20 minutes in a 108–86 victory over New York, and *David Thompson*, who moved from Denver to Seattle, had a team-high 21 points in the Sonics' 128–95 sinking of Houston. In San Diego two players returned to a familiar place. Bill Walton was back (*page 38*), as was Randy Smith, who signed as a free agent less than 24 hours before the season opened. Smith, who performed for San Diego in 1978-79, played against both Phoenix and Seattle, stretching his consecutive-game streak to 843, just one shy of the NBA record.

BOWLING—STEVE FEHR edged Earl Anthony 184–183 to win a $110,000 PBA event—his first tour victory—in Indianapolis.

NIKKI GIANULIAS whipped Judy Soutar 210–181 to win a $25,000 LPBT event in Dallas. The victory was Gianulias' fourth this season, an LPBT record, and pushed her 1982 earnings to $43,375, breaking the LPBT mark of $41,270 set in 1981 by Donna Adamek.

BOXING—MARVELOUS MARVIN HAGLER retained his world middleweight title with a fifth-round knockout of Fulgencio Obelmejias in San Remo, Italy (*page 32*).

JEFF CHANDLER knocked out Miguel Iriarte in *the ninth round to* retain his WBA *bantamweight* title in Atlantic City.

GOLF—HAL SUTTON defeated Bill Britton on the fourth hole of a sudden-death playoff to win the $400,000 Walt Disney World Golf Classic in Lake Buena Vista, Fla. Sutton and Britton had tied at 269, 19 under par, at the end of regulation play.

HOCKEY—Befitting their first-place standings in the Patrick and Norris divisions, respectively, the New York Islanders and Minnesota North Stars enjoyed 3–0 weeks. The Isles, now 11–2 overall, crushed Calgary 7–2 before putting the double whammy on slumping New Jersey, 4–2 and 8–5 (*page 78*). Minnesota's wins came compliments of the Devils (5–3), Detroit (7–3) and Philadelphia (3–2). Tom McCarthy's two goals, his *fifth* and *sixth* of the *year*, were the difference against the *Flyers*. Those wins put the North Stars three points ahead of steady Chicago, 6–2–4 overall, which played three of the league's six ties. In the Adams Division, Quebec won twice, 9–4 over Toronto and 5–4 against the New York Rangers. The Nordiques got four goals from Michel Goulet and three from Marian Stastny. Stastny's eight goals in his last five games have helped Quebec edge within four points of first-place Montreal. The Canadiens and Buffalo set an NHL record for goals in a *period by scoring a combined 10 in the first 20* minutes of their 7–7 tie. Four nights later Montreal drew 4–4 with Boston, though it appeared for a while that the Bruins' six-year (to the day), 23-game losing streak at the Forum would end. The last time Boston won there the score was 4–3, just as it was when the Bruins' Wayne Cashman scored at 16:09 of the final period. But when the Canadiens' Pierre Mondou deflected home Larry Robinson's slap shot with one second left, Boston's no-win streak continued. Injury-riddled Los Angeles lost Right Wing Dave Taylor (broken wrist) for at least six weeks and sole possession of the Smythe Division lead. The Kings were tied by Winnipeg, 4–1–1 in its last six starts.

HORSE RACING—JOHN HENRY ($4.80), Bill Shoemaker up, defeated Craelius by 2½ lengths to win a *$300,000 invitational* at Santa Anita. The *7-year-old* gelding ran the 1½-mile turf course in 2:24.

ROVING BOY ($5), ridden by Eddie Delahoussaye, ran a stakes record 1:41⅗ *for 1⅛* miles to win the $301,850 Norfolk Stakes at Santa Anita. The 2-year-old colt defeated Desert Wine by 4½ lengths.

TRACK ROBBERY ($10), Pat Valenzuela aboard, defeated favored Blush With Pride by nine lengths to win the $170,025 Spinster Stakes at Keeneland. The 6-year-old filly ran the 1⅛ miles in 1:47⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—DARRELL WALTRIP, at a pace of 115.22 mph, in a Buick, won the rescheduled Warner Hodgdon American 500 NASCAR race on the 1.072-mile North Carolina Motor Speedway oval in Rockingham. He beat Bobby Allison in a Pontiac by 9.5 seconds. Waltrip still leads Allison for the national driving title by 37 points with just two races remaining.

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE beat Peter McNamara 7–6, 7–5 to win a $300,000 Grand Prix tournament in Tokyo.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA overwhelmed Chris Evert Lloyd 6–1, 6–4 to win a $136,000 women's indoor tournament in Brighton, England.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED: By Colombian President Belisario Betancur, that his country will not *host the 1986 World Cup soccer championships* as had previously been arranged, because of severe economic problems and what Betancur called the "extravagant needs" of the World Federation of Soccer Associations. The U.S., Canada and Brazil are considered the most likely replacement hosts.

AWARDED: For an unprecedented fourth time, the National League Cy Young Award to Philadelphia Phillies lefthander STEVE CARLTON, 37. Carlton had a 23–11 record in 1982, struck out a league-high 286 batters and had a 3.10 ERA.

FINED: By the NBA, Golden State Guard MICHAEL RAY RICHARDSON, 27, and Boston Center RICK ROBEY, 26, for a fight during a preseason game between New York and Boston on *Oct. 16*. Richardson, who was then playing for the Knicks, was fined $1,500. Robey was fined $1,250.

MARRIED: Golfer NANCY LOPEZ, 25, and Houston Astro Third Baseman RAY KNIGHT, 29, in Pelham, Ga.

SENTENCED: By Dade County Circuit Court Judge Ellen Morphonios Gable, former NFL Defensive Lineman DON REESE, 31, to a prison term of six months to five years for violating parole. Reese, *who had served a year in prison after a Florida* conviction for drug trafficking and possession in 1977, was some two months short of completing four years of probation resulting from those charges when in the June 14 issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED he described the use of cocaine by himself and other NFL players. His use of the drug constituted a parole violation. The sentence begins Jan. 11, 1983. Reese could be paroled after three months.

TRADED: By the Philadelphia 76ers, Guard LIONEL HOLLINS, 29, to the San Diego Clippers for a fourth-round draft pick in 1983 and a second-round selection in 1984; by the Cleveland Cavaliers, Forward BRAD BRANSON, 24, to the Indiana Pacers for a second-round pick in 1983.

By the New Jersey Devils, Forward DWIGHT FOSTER, 25, to Detroit for an undisclosed amount of cash; by the Pittsburgh Penguins, Center GEORGE FERGUSON, 30, to Minnesota for Defenseman RON MEIGHAN, 19, and Left Wing ANDERS HAKANSSON, 26.

DIED: North Carolina A&T junior TRAVIS KELLY, 21, who was the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference's second leading punter with a 38.1-yard average, of undetermined causes, during his team's 31–18 victory over *Morgan* State in Greensboro, N.C. Kelly left the field after a first-quarter punt, complaining of a severe headache.

CREDITS

6—Manny Millan. 19—Illustration by Sam O. Weissman. 24,25—Mickey Pfleger. 26,27—Richard Mackson (3); Mickey Pfleger (bottom center). 28—Tony Tomsic. 29—Manny Rubio. 30—Heinz Kluetmeier. 31—Richard Mackson (top); Bill Eppridge. 32,33—Tony Triolo. 34—Tony Duffy (top); Tony Triolo. 37—Tony Triolo (top); Tony Duffy (2). 72—Paul Jasienski. 74—Jerry Wachter. 76,77—Manny Millan (top); Tony Tomsic. 78,81—John Iacono. 82-86—Ronald C. Modra. 88,90—Walter Iooss Jr. 92—John McDonough. 107—Elmer Horton/Charlotte News; Honolulu Advertiser.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK MAYE
CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Mark, a senior quarterback for Independence High, rushed for four TDs and completed 48 of 73 passes for 916 yards and six touchdowns in two last-minute wins over South Mecklenburg (49–48) and West Mecklenburg (40–39).



MARY WONHOLA
NEW STUYAHOK, ALASKA

Mary, a ninth-grader at New Stuyahok School, is undefeated in the 24 regular-season cross-country races and three seven-mile road races she has run since fifth grade. She also finished second in a state Region I cross-country meet.



ARNO LESKINEN
LARAMIE, WYO.

Arno, a senior at Laramie High, defeated Cheyenne Central's Todd Dray 6–0, 6–2 to win his second straight Wyoming boys' high school singles title. Arno, unbeaten in singles since the state finals of his sophomore year, has won his last 56 matches.



IONTHE RHODES
EASTVILLE, VA.

Rhodes, 54, a Red Cross water safety instructor, *overcame 15-knot winds*, four-foot swells and jellyfish stings to become the first person to swim the 17 miles across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay without relief. The transit took 11 hours.



SANOY BRYAN
IPSWICH, MASS.

Bryan, 21, a Dartmouth senior, scored three goals *in the U.S.'s 10–7* overtime defeat of Australia in the finals of the Brine World Lacrosse Cup. She scored 14 goals in the six-game tournament and has 84 in her three-year college career.



HAROLD CHAPSON
HONOLULU

Chapson, 80, broke two 80-and-over records—on *his* birthday—by more than 35 seconds each when he ran a 2:53.5 800 meters and a 6:12.2 1,500 meters. A track star at Colorado A&M in the mid-'20s, he holds 41 age-group records.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

WORLD SERIES TELEVISION

Sir:

William Taaffe's TV/RADIO article *NBC: Nobody Does It Better* (Oct. 25) summed up my frustration over ABC's awful coverage of the baseball playoffs. In fact, the only reason I watched the playoffs on TV was to see the picture, and at times that was bad, too.

The World Series, though, was a refreshing change. Dick Enberg, Tom Seaver, Joe Garagiola and Tony Kubek were very good. Thanks for hitting the nail right on the head.

MICHAEL SHERMAN
Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

William Taaffe hit a grand slam with his comparison of NBC's skills in bringing baseball to the public and ABC's inability to hold the interest of those watching. My set was one of those turned off because of ABC's so-called coverage. I just waited for the real thing to start. Shows like NBC's World Series almost kept me from missing the NFL.

J. ROBERT SLONE
Monroe, Ohio

Sir:

After enduring seven World Series games telegoofed by NBC, what do I see in SI but a column praising the efforts of that TV sports enigma. NBC over ABC? Surely you jest. O.K., Tommy Lasorda acts as though he's on a Hollywood game show, Keith Jackson belongs in the booth at Beaver Stadium giving us play by play for Penn State vs. Nebraska and Howard is . . . well, Howard. But what does NBC counter with? More of the same, only the names are changed.

Tony Kubek's constant giggling over Garagiola's inane anecdotes, topped off by Dick Enberg's explaining why baseball is a funny game, offers no better alternative.

ROBERT M. MACSI
Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

ABC's coverage was superior in two respects: the Jim Palmer-Earl Weaver team and the extensive use of replays. Palmer-Weaver were constantly speculating about the strategy of the game—the essence of baseball—and this intensified my interest. The NBC team understands baseball, but it has become too "laid back" in its analysis. Palmer-Weaver kept my mind on edge, while NBC occasionally allowed me to drift off.

With regard to replays, I prefer numerous replays to crowd shots, managers chewing tobacco or irrelevant statistics. Many viewers find baseball boring because they don't understand the concept that each pitch constitutes a separate play. By providing a greater number of replays along with the accompanying analysis, the TV team can direct the viewer's attention to the "inside game" between pitcher and batter. However, I found it incredible that ABC missed Ben Oglivie's catch down the leftfield foul line in the final game of the regular season. ABC had cameras all over the place but not in the crucial place.

THOMAS S. MAZANEC
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

AHMAD RASHAD'S VIEW (CONT.)

Sir:

The article by Ahmad Rashad as told to Frank Deford (*Journal of a Plagued Year*, Oct. 18 and 25) was the most enjoyable I've ever read in your magazine. If those two guys don't go on to write a book, I'm going to go to Ahmad's house every Sunday and beg him to tell me football stories.

STEVEN C. FASNACHT
Hershey, Pa.

Sir:

Ahmad Rashad's journal was excellent, but hardly as good as reading about Ahmad himself. I knew him as Bobby Moore at Oregon, where he was suspended from the freshman basketball team because his Afro was too long and where he caught three touchdown passes in his first varsity game. I followed his college career as he became one of the greatest players in West Coast history, surpassing one of his heroes, Mel Renfro. For years I wondered why SI hadn't given him much press. The reversal came with a soul-warming bang—not just an article about Ahmad but one *by* him.

Rashad isn't only a man who made good, but he is also a good man. It was definitely time for such an article. The social, moral and family values demonstrated by Ahmad need publicity. The Jerry Freis and Dennis Moores do also. All have combined to make Rashad a person of purpose and a person with perspective. And for those who are in their 30s, who have mastered their craft, who have begun to seek and accept leadership, and who are "independent, individual, even egotistical," he is the perfect football hero.

JIM PETTYJOHN
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

I applaud the entertaining perspective of Ahmad Rashad on life in and out of the NFL. I would also like to apologize to Rashad for thinking him less worthy of respect when he became a Moslem. I must admit to falling prey to the negative publicity referred to in the article. I found his experiences and outlook very refreshing and I'd like to thank him for reminding me not to be so quick to form opinions on things I know very little about. If the strike doesn't stop Rashad, Charley Taylor's receiving record is surely within his reach, although I get the feeling that Ahmad will be just fine no matter how things turn out.

RANDY L. JONES
Morgantown, W. Va.

Sir:

Ahmad Rashad and Frank Deford gave a first-rate insight into professional football. Of particular interest to me was Rashad's humorous depiction of the difficulty our Sunday afternoon gladiators have in bringing a play from the coach on the sideline to the quarterback in the huddle. Rashad's narration paints this amusing foible in such an inoffensive way that I'm certain the humor was appreciated by fans and players alike. Pin a note to your jersey, guys?

JOHN HARRINGTON
Newport, R.I.

JIM THORPE

Sir:

Jack McCallum gave us a very fine article on the world's greatest athlete, Jim Thorpe (*The Regilding of a Legend*, Oct. 25), and he was right when he said, "Carlisle and Thorpe, Thorpe and Carlisle—you can't think of one without the other." Being a native of Carlisle, I'm sure most people still feel proud of Thorpe, and honored that he put the Carlisle Indian School on the map through his athletic accomplishments. So if the people of Jim Thorpe (Mauch Chunk), Pa. really don't care about the greatest athlete the world has ever seen, even now that his Olympic medals have at last been restored, Thorpe's body should be taken back to Oklahoma or to Carlisle where his soul will finally be at rest.

TONY PANGONAS
Carlisle, Pa.

Sir:

Jim Thorpe deserves all of this newfound recognition, and then some, but it's sad that our society waited 30 years after he died to show appreciation for his feats. It's also unfortunate that many choose to remember Thorpe as a drunken Indian rather than as the greatest athlete in the world. However, there is a small town in Ohio where the people celebrate Thorpe's accomplishments each summer. The Oorang Bang, a festival in La Rue, Ohio, features a six-mile Jim Thorpe memorial road race, and his memory will live on there forever. Perhaps that's where his spirit roams—it's certainly welcome there.

W.K. BALLINGER
Guntersville, Ala.

Sir:

Jack McCallum noted that Jim Thorpe "died after a third heart attack in his house

continued

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BACK VIEW

S: (34-36) L: (42-44)
M: (38-40) XL: (46-48)

SPORT CAP



JOGGING SWEATSHIRT



BACK VIEW

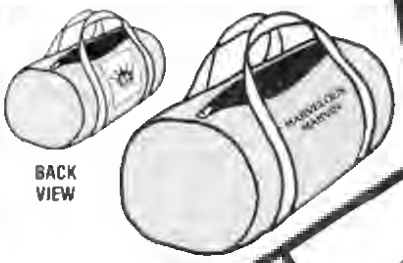
S: (34-36) L: (42-44)
M: (38-40) XL: (46-48)

KNITTED SKI CAP



FRONT VIEW

BACK VIEW



BACK VIEW

FRONT VIEW

BOXER BAG



HUMPHREY FLYER

PHOTO BUTTON

WITH SAFETY PIN BACK



LOGO PATCH



AUTOGRAPH BOXING GLOVE KEY CHAIN



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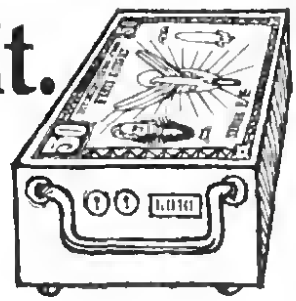
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trailer. . . " There is quite a story about that house trailer. Late in Thorpe's life, when he was down and out, the organizers of the Sportsman's Show in Boston hired him to talk sports with the fans. Ted Williams was also in that show, teaching fishermen how to fly-cast. Ted and Jim became warm friends that week, and when they parted at the end of the show, Ted shook hands with Jim. When Thorpe withdrew his hand, he discovered some papers in it giving him ownership of a trailer home and a Cadillac to pull it. Jim died in the trailer home that Williams had given him.

PAUL C. DALRYMPLE
Alexandria, Va.

• According to Williams, the story that he gave a trailer and car to Thorpe, which "sprang up" some time ago, isn't true. 'But nobody respected or admired Thorpe any more than I did," says Williams. "I met him at two Sportsman's Shows and, boy, he was something!" Nor was Thorpe down and out at the time of his death. Robert Wheeler, Thorpe's biographer, says, "Thorpe died in a beautiful trailer park in Lomita, Calif., and probably purchased his mobile home with money—$500 here and there—that he made from speaking engagements."—ED

TOO MUCH RUNNING?

Sir:

I just read the account in your Oct. 18 FACES IN THE CROWD of 9-year-old Danny Mueller, who ran a 3:19:50 marathon and then followed it by running an average of 23.5 miles a day for 23 days. In my opinion, this is not just bad, it's insane. Please don't print reports of such happenings. They only invite egocentric adults to exploit their children to "go one better."

ARTHUR C. CONRO
Cross-Country Coach
Narragansett Regional High School
Gardner, Mass.

LOVE BOAT RUNNER-UP

Sir:

In the article *Here She Is, the True Love Boat* (Sept. 20) by William Oscar Johnson about the Sunfish and the 1982 world championship, there was a picture captioned "Fries lost to Kostecki by just .3 of a point, the narrowest margin ever in world competition." However, the picture printed wasn't of me but of Don Bergman of Chicago.

It was a hardship for me to fail to win the world championship by such a slim margin. By printing the wrong picture, SI didn't make the loss any easier. I hope you'll set the record straight.

DERRICK R. FRIES
Pontiac, Mich.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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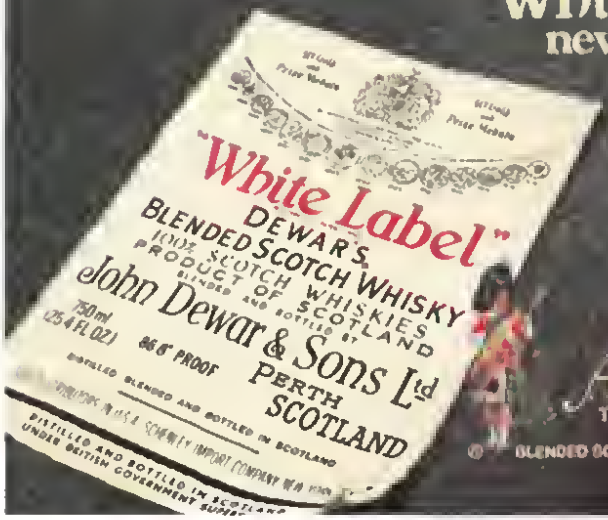
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